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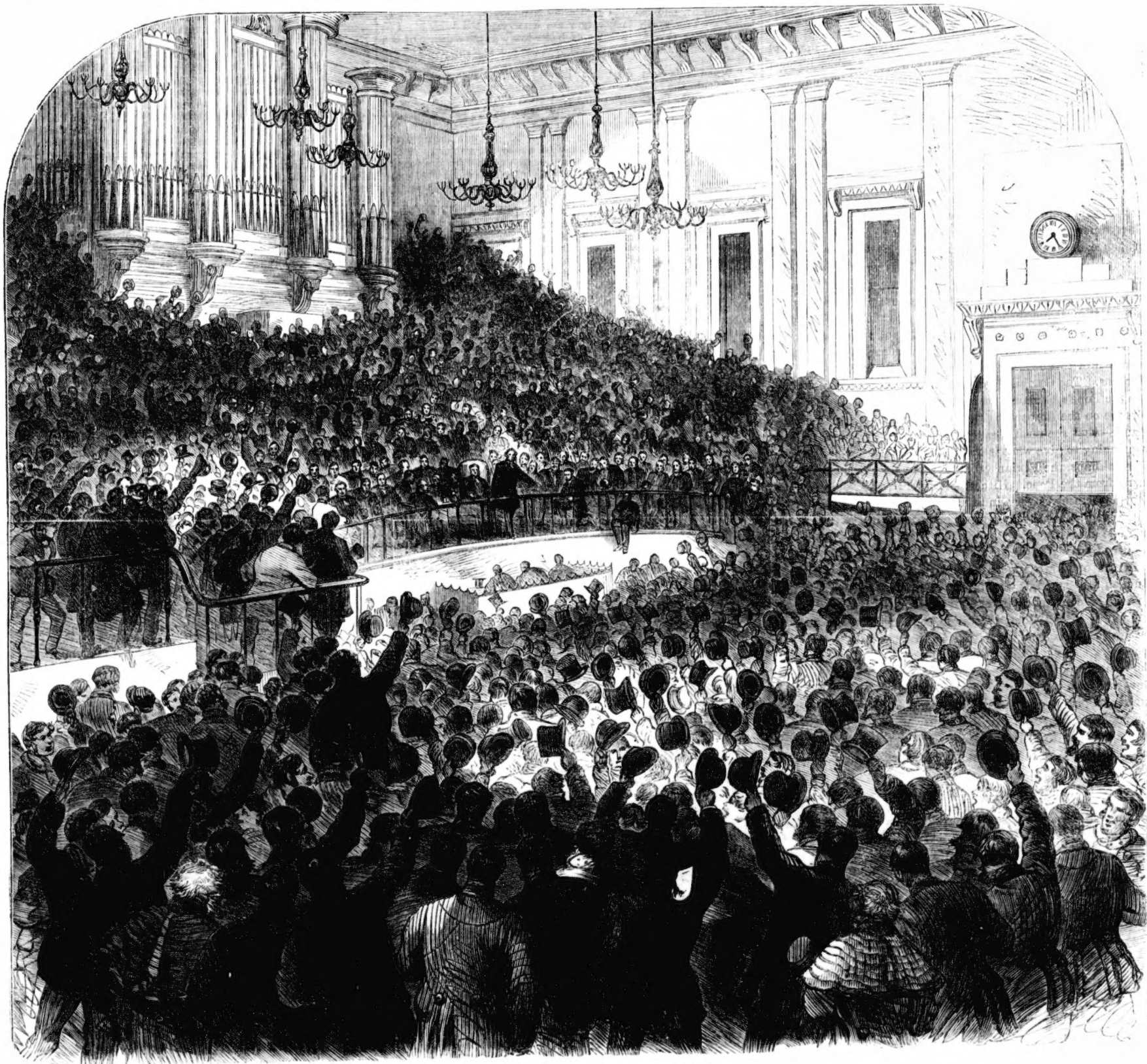
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THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

It is said to have become a mania with the Emperor Napoleon, when he sees nothing else to do, to propose a conference. The proposed conference or congress under shadow of which he retired from the unhappy intervention on behalf of Poland, was so quickly shown to be out of the question, that conferences, for a time, came to be looked upon as visionary things—except, indeed, at the end of a war, and for the mere purpose of arranging formally on paper questions already decided in substance by the sword. Until about eight months ago it was the fashion among diplomatists by profession, amateur diplomatists, and persons inclined naturally towards the assumption of diplomatic airs, to declare that a conference before a war was an absurdity, for

that out of a conference peace never had and never could come, unless the Powers conferring had first of all exhausted themselves by hard fighting. Then, however, came the Luxemburg Conference, from which, to the astonishment of the initiated—of the initiated, above all—peace, though everything around pointed to war, did really proceed. The Luxemburg Conference was a lesson to diplomatists; and its fortunate result proved that there were cases, after all, in which it was just as well not to begin fighting until the disputants had first of all come together and endeavoured, in presence and with the assistance and advice of their friends, to find some solution of the difficulty proclaimed equally on both sides to be insoluble. The Luxemburg Conference was a point gained for the true

friends of peace; and if the Roman question had the same interest and importance for Europe in general that the question of Luxemburg certainly possessed, there would be no reason for supposing that it would be impossible to bring together a conference for the discussion and final arrangement of the affairs of Rome. In this case, however, as it now stands, a conference would really be little more than a conversazione, and a conversazione, moreover, out of which, if it were continued too long, a quarrel might easily arise. If the Emperor Napoleon, in inviting the chief Powers of Europe to consider, through their representatives, the present position of France at Rome, desires only to gain a general sanction for the continuance of that position, then the political invitations sent out are intelligible enough. "Can you



THE C-DMEN'S MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

suggest anything better? If not, do not object to our remaining at Civita Vecchia, or even in Rome itself." That would be their real meaning, the conference being only held out as an alternative not likely to be accepted.

But suppose Russia, Prussia, and England, equally with the great Catholic Powers, really consented to enter a conference, on what common basis could they commence their discussions? To Austria and France it may be plain that the head of the Catholic Church ought to be maintained independent in his territorial possessions. Italy, we already know, would only admit that principle with very considerable modifications—so considerable, indeed, as to invalidate the principle altogether. Russia, Prussia, and England care nothing about the matter in itself; and if either of those Powers pronounced an opinion favourable or unfavourable to the claims of the Pope, their object in doing so would be to advance some interest entirely unconnected (except through the conference) with the Roman question. If the Roman question, then, were discussed, separately and sincerely, the non-Catholic Powers would have nothing to say; while, if other questions were allowed to be introduced, either on the ground that they were inseparable from it, or on no matter what other plea, every great cause of quarrel which now lies dormant among the nations of Europe would suddenly be brought into activity. Russia would no doubt agree to support French policy at Rome if France would consent to shut her eyes to Russian intrigues in connection with Crete and Servia; or she might engage to take the Italian side on condition of Victor Emmanuel aiding her designs. Prussia would also want to strike her bargain; and if England did not do the same, that would be chiefly owing to the fact that in Europe she has no great bargain to strike. The state of things existing in Europe at this moment suits England well enough, and that, no doubt, is one of the great reasons why England, whatever other Powers may do, will not give her adhesion to the project of a conference.

Perhaps, however, it is thought that there may be a bargain for England also to make in connection with the Roman question. The Roman Catholic Church has, for many years past, looked with great favour upon England, under whose government that Church enjoys more liberty than is granted to it in many professedly Catholic countries. In France and Austria, for instance, the Pope cannot appoint what bishops he pleases to vacant sees. All nominations from Rome must, to take effect, be approved by the home Government. In England, on the contrary, and throughout Great Britain, no one asks why, or on what principle, or for what purpose, a Roman Catholic bishop is sent among us. Not only may he be appointed to any see that happens to be vacant, but a new see may be created expressly for him. Whether the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome feel sincerely grateful or not for this more than tolerance on the part of the English Government, we, of course, cannot say; but as a mere matter of prudence and policy they must have felt the propriety of recognising it, and this the Pope himself has repeatedly done by condemning Fenianism in his allocutions. If it matters to us whether Fenianism becomes more or less powerful than it is now, it must matter to us whether or not it receives or is denied the support of the Roman Catholic Church. The Pope can do us harm or do us good according as it may please him to encourage or discourage the actions of the Fenians. The Garibaldians who invaded Rome the other day are the Pope's Fenians; and if England entered into a conference on the Roman question, she might be given to understand—that she must already feel—that in the event of her continuing to give what is called moral encouragement to the Garibaldians, the Fenians would receive religious encouragement from the Pope. Hitherto, it is true, the Fenians have shown themselves very indifferent to the religious question in Ireland; but that is precisely on account of the favourable attitude maintained by the Roman Catholic Church in that country towards England.

In the opinion of most Englishmen, and certainly of all English statesmen, it would be quite beneath our dignity to go into a conference in order to discuss Fenianism in connection with the Roman question. In theory we do not recognise Fenianism, nor, either in theory or in fact, do we recognise the government of the Pope; but it is certain, all the same, that if we can exercise a pressure upon the Papal Government in one direction the Papal Government can exercise a pressure upon us in another; and hence, no doubt, the notion that England, like other non-Catholic Powers, might consent to take part in a congress in which Papal interests would be the great subject of discussion.

THE CABMEN'S MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

We copy from the columns of our daily contemporary the *Star* some extracts from a graphic though rather voluminous description, by Mr. Richard Whiting, of the great meeting of cabmen at Exeter Hall last week, of which we also publish an Engraving:—

"It was a tremendous meeting. By seven o'clock, at which hour proceedings commenced, from 5000 to 6000 men filled the vast hall: by half-past seven the roars of 2000 who could not be admitted were heard outside. To see the hall filling was a sight not to be missed. There was every variety of cab life, every type of face, costume, manners, from the man who was 'born in a cab, as the saying is,' to the amateur who knew something about it; there were embryo cabmen in furs (young cabbies are always dandies), and cabmen of very ancient hatching in shawls and belchers, flash bachelor cabmen in rough caps and 'starvers,' staid married cabmen in wrinkled beavers and long greatcoats, Cruikshank's Jarvey and Leech's Jehu, besides all the cabmen you had ever personally known. There was the one you could positively swear to as having taken you to the Drury-Lane pantomime fourteen years ago; and his friend, who broke down with you last week in Holborn. They, too, met the half-forgotten friends of the past, for they spent no inconsiderable portion of the time before the meeting in hailing one another from galleries and floor; the hall was vocal with signals—those strange whistles and plaintive yells, more

mysterious than the signs of Freemasonry, with which, as by a kind of shorthand, the cabman transmits reports of what is the matter with him to the initiated, were frequently heard, and the semaphore code of signals with arms in lieu of whips was in full play. The cabman was joyous, for he had never before formed a right notion of his own strength. 'What d'ye think o' this, Joey, my boy?' said one. 'I call it proper,' replied the other, with an emphasis on the last word which I think, both in its slangy and its legitimate sense, does justice to the character of the meeting.

"The chairman managed admirably. The moment he entered such a shout went up as might have been heard at Scotland-yard, and it was easy to see that if the tendency to this way of conducting the proceedings were not checked in time not a speaker would be heard or a resolution carried except by acclamation. Very wisely, therefore, did Mr. Gower deprecate any such expression of feeling; but he did not frown at his hearers, or hammer them down—he simply soothed them into silence by waving his arms over them in a benedictory way, and further appealing to them as men and Englishmen, which last had its invariable effect. 'That's right,' said a cabman near me; 'we ought to be quiet; the chairman's right.' 'Who is the chairman?' I asked, for at first I did not know that gentleman's name. 'He's a Christian, Sir,' replied the cabman, vaguely; and for a long time I was obliged to be content with that information. The rest of the men present seemed to be of my friend's opinion, and to entertain a sort of personal regard for Mr. Gower. Whenever he rose and waved his arms a hundred other arms were held up in the hall, very much as whips are in Fleet-street when a driver is going to be stopped; and at that well-known sign the loudest cheerer never failed from force of habit to pull up.

"Hardly had the chairman commenced his address before a slight disturbance arose, occasioned by some quarrel for a seat in a corner of the hall. There were the usual cries of 'Turn him out!' but my friend—the same who had testified to Mr. Gower's Christian qualities—was anxious to have that honour all to himself. 'I'll turn him out, Sir,' he kept saying in the direction of the platform, though, of course, he was quite inaudible there. At last, when order was restored, he reported the fact officially. 'He's out, Sir; go on!'—and on the chairman went, without interruption, until mention was made of the Chief Commissioner of Police, when several cabmen, as if to express their ineffable contempt for that person and his titles, murmured 'Dickey Mayne,' in tones of the deepest disgust. At last came the crucial question, 'I ask you whether you will have the lamp or not?' And then was uttered such a 'No!' as ought to have settled the business at once: it was unanimous. 'Why didn't you say "No"?' said a cabman to a friend. 'I did,' replied the friend, 'I said it twice; only you was making such a row yourself.'

"After a statement from Mr. J. S. Crocker, the secretary to the movement, the first shot was fired in the shape of a resolution against the duty of £18 5s. per annum, and in favour of the retention of the £1 license alone, that to be made payable in advance. A postmaster, it seems, pays considerably over two-thirds less duty than the owner of cabs. This appeared particularly to rouse the indignation of the meeting, and for the moment provoked a good deal of comment, one cabman muttering plaintively, 'If this sort of thing goes on much longer, how are we to feed the dukes?' I at first mistook this for a piece of bitter irony at the expense of the upper orders, until I was informed that the animals referred to 'was horses.'

"When this was over, up jumped Mr. Cockram, a driver, to second the resolution; but he had hardly opened his mouth before Lord Elcho appeared upon the platform. For a moment his Lordship was hardly recognised, but when his presence became generally known he was received with the most frantic enthusiasm; the waves of a miniature black sea, composed of 6000 hats flourished above the cabmen's heads, rose and fell in honour of him; while a noise not unlike the roar of the ocean was heard as well, and his Lordship rose and bowed more than once, and looked very happy—as all of us would at such a greeting.

"Mr. Cockram made a capital speech, full of points, sparkling with antithesis, and yet racy of the rank and the stable. This was the secret of its charm—with all its merit it was essentially a cabman's speech, with just enough solecisms in it to give it character. Mr. Cockram seems to have previously distinguished himself; for I was informed that he 'got the prize for writing the "elegy" on Scripture,' though I suppose 'essay' was what was meant. He began innocently and quietly, as the orator should, so that his hits took everyone by surprise. He gave a history of his visit to Scotland-yard to obtain the interpretation of a certain debate in the House of Commons, and the reception met with there by 'me, poor silly little fool.' If the cab question had been fairly dealt with last winter we shouldn't have had a cabman sparring in St. James's-place because a gentleman wouldn't give him half a sovereign from Buckingham Palace. Why, it had been asked, should the cabman wear that beastly old Solomon (a peculiar kind of hat) all the year round. Pay him well and he'll soon change the Solomon for a Moses (frantic applause), and he wouldn't be so often obliged to pay a visit to that tradesman who hung out a peculiar sign ('Two to one,' muttered a cabman sentimentally within his scarf). Paris had been alluded to; but he'd challenge all Paris to find such expert, clever drivers as the London drivers were (immense effect, and some of his hearers, who at first seemed hardly inclined to listen to him, now began to remember that they knew him when he was a boy); and as for cattle, why he had the best of cattle—cattle that had passed the college. But his greatest hit was the last, when he prefaced the quotation of some figures that had been used in a debate with 'Just fancy you're in the House of Commons and I'm Mr. Fitzroy,' which seemed to tickle the meeting a good deal.

"At this juncture a stout gentleman, very much like Leech's Mr. Briggs, who had evidently dined not wisely, but too well, essayed to address the meeting. He clung to the platform rail with one hand, while with the other he began the preparatory flourish of public speaking. As his name was not in the programme he was asked to sit down, but he wouldn't; so he was lifted out.

"The second resolution, which was against 'that bungling (omitted afterwards) piece of legislation called "No fare to be less than a shilling when taken standing on a stand, and sixpence when off,"' was moved by another driver, Mr. Sellers, who at first did not get on very well, for he was a little nervous; but gradually warming with his subject, two sleeping cabmen, who, having, it seems, been out all the night before, had long since dropped off into a doze, were 'jobbed' in the ear by the elbows of their mates, and told to wake up and listen. 'Now he's on,' said the cabmen, delightedly, when he gave an account of the difficulty of keeping a lamp on the dashboard, owing to the movements of the horse's tail. As for a shilling on the stand, Mr. and Mrs. Skinfint knew how to evade that by turning the street-corner and hailing a vehicle off. But there, what do they (the authorities) know about cabs? 'What, indeed?' murmured the cabmen, responsively, with an expression of profound disgust.

"Here's Tommy. Tommy's up; bravo Tommy!' chuckled the cabmen when the next speaker rose, with a promise to give them the whole of his brains in a quarter of an hour, as it was getting late. Tommy Toolittle, whose real name is Smith, is, it appears, one of the most original and one of the best-known characters that ever sat on a box. He has made cab law his study; all the 176 clauses of all the Acts bearing on it he knows better than the magistrates, and no barrister has a richer collection of cases and interpretations at his fingers' ends. He is the bane of Scotland-yard, and is supposed to have caused the Chief Commissioner to apply more than once for his retiring pension, for the greater part of Tommy's life has been passed in one long legal spar with that functionary, who can never get him down. Mr. Toolittle is, as his name implies, a very little man, with a head not unlike Carlyle's. Legal as usual, he showed the utter impossibility of their complying with the regulation as to stands, for there was only standing room in the metropolis for 2471 vehicles, and that left 5870 unprovided for. What had Sir Richard ('Dickey Mayne,' as before, from the cabmen) to say to that? and when Tommy, turning suddenly round, directly appealed to Lord Elcho to use his influence

in saving the men who had taken their cabs home that night from the future vengeance of Scotland-yard, and wound up by offering his Lordship his ticket, the scene was quite dramatic, the one nobleman sitting still and just nodding assent from time to time, the other (for 'Tommy' has his patent too from Nature, if from no other queen) bending towards him and pleading with a natural grace and eloquence that made one forget everything but his theme; while all in the body of the hall stood with their weather-beaten faces upturned to the light, and the orchestra occupants pressed round in a narrower semicircle to catch the slightest word.

"Soon after this up rose a cry of 'Now for the lamp,' and the third resolution, which was to shiver this nuisance to pieces at once and for ever, was read. Mr. Evans, a driver, spoke to it, first asking the visionary 'Dickey,' who was supposed to be present in the spirit, if he would have the illumination made with 'rushlights,' 'middlings,' or 'three-penny flats;' and dwelling with grim satisfaction on the facilities the sixpenny regulation afforded to old ladies who wanted to give a ride to their dogs. He would have been perfectly successful if it had not been for an ill-timed allusion to the combined benefits of teetotalism and the Metropolitan Licensed Cab-drivers' Society, which 'buries you when you are dead for one ha'penny a week.' In an instant the cabmen detected that this was quite foreign to the purpose of the meeting, and their murmurs had the effect of arresting Mr. Evans on the very brink of ruin to his reputation as an orator."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The debates in the Chamber on the subject of the foreign policy of the Government, especially in reference to Italy, have been of unusual interest. After M. Thiers had reiterated his doctrine that France ought not to allow a nation of 26,000,000 to grow up on her frontiers; that to keep France strong other nations must be kept weak; and that the Emperor had committed a blunder in allowing Piedmont to absorb the other States of Italy, which ought not to be repeated at the expense of the Pope, the Marquis de Moustier said that Italy had proposed a conference on the Roman question, and had suggested that while the negotiations were in progress there should be a joint occupation of Rome by France and Italy. This is how the Marquis spoke of that proposal and the answer given to it:—"We took note of the first proposal, and rejected the second. If I may be allowed coarsely to express my thoughts, I shall say we were invited not only to take the part of a dupe, but also that of a traitor; we therefore indignantly declined the complicity proposed to us with a sort of *bonhomie* which made it doubly insulting. From that moment the expedition to Rome was decided upon." M. Jerome David having expressed approval of the expedition to Rome, M. Rouher made some very striking and significant announcements. Italy, he said, had been sincere up to Aug. 28, after which she became the obliging subordinate and accomplice of the revolution. France, he added, went to Rome to stop a revolution which had three stages—one at Rome, one at Florence, and one at Paris. The French troops would remain till full guarantees were given for the safety of Rome. "Italy," said he, "shall never possess herself of Rome, and by Rome I mean all the territory now belonging to the Holy See." The policy of the Government was approved by an immense majority.

The debate on the relations between France and Germany was begun on Monday in the Legislative Body. M. Garnier Pages opened the discussion in a speech in which he criticised most severely the foreign policy of the Government. France had declared in favour of nationalities, and had contrived to array most of the nationalities—Germany, Russia, America, Italy—against her. Peace was proclaimed, and a disquieting policy pursued. The Salzburg interview was a blunder, and the alliance with Austria a mistake. It was with Germany that an alliance ought to be formed, and, above all, a Prusso-Italian alliance against France ought to be obtained. M. Lanjuinais censured the Government, and declared that, while France should respect the susceptibilities of Germans, it should take care that a great aggressive monarchy did not grow up on its frontiers. In reference to the "rectification of the frontier" on the side of Germany, M. Rouher said:—"In the early days of the month of August, between the 1st and the 3rd, fifteen days after the preliminaries of Nikolsburg, the idea of the possibility of the rectification of our frontiers was intimated to our Ambassador at Berlin. Our Ambassador immediately came to Paris; he explained to the Sovereign and to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the want of interest in this idea and the want of opportunity, having regard to events. From that time—after that simple expression of opinion—nothing has happened to denote any idea whatever on the part of France of an extension of territory." Thus it is clear that a feeler was put out by the French Government, and that the French Ambassador succeeded in convincing the Emperor that Prussia, victorious, would never listen to any proposal for a rectification of frontier in the interest of France.

There seems little doubt that matters are assuming a somewhat threatening aspect as between France and Italy. In Paris all kinds of war rumours are in circulation, and beyond doubt the French army is in a state of perfect preparation. The *Moniteur* officially announces that France is still urging the Powers of Europe to take part in a conference on the Roman question. It says a good deal about conciliation, but at the same time adds that the object of France is to hasten the time when the unity now constituted in Italy would understand that it was its duty to defend the sovereignty of the Pope.

ITALY.

Signor Lanza, the Ministerial candidate, has been elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by 194 votes, in opposition to Signor Rattazzi, who obtained 154.

The speeches of M. de Moustier and M. Rouher in the French Chamber on the Roman question have naturally aroused the susceptibilities of the Italian legislators, and accordingly, both in the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the Prime Minister, General Menabrea, has been asked what attitude the Government intended to assume on the Roman question, at the same time being informed that Parliament was ready to support the Government in claiming Rome for Italy. General Menabrea, in a very prudent and conciliatory speech, explained to the Senate the policy of the Government, and agreed to the following resolution, which was adopted unanimously as the order of the day:—"The Senate, considering the declaration of the Ministry, and that the Government will manfully maintain the rights and the dignity of the nation, and hasten its legitimate completion, passes to the order of the day." Resolutions have been in effect passed in both Chambers reaffirming the vote asserting the right of Italy to Rome as her capital. The bitterness of the feeling of the Italians against France is sufficiently shown in the debates in the Chambers. Signor Vella denounced the French intervention as a complete destruction of the September Convention, insisted that Italy must have Rome, and declared that in the present condition of affairs General Menabrea must either resort to a coup-d'état or resign. Signor Ciniune also avowed his conviction that Rome was necessary for Italy; and he gave the very sensible advice that they should cease talking about it while they were not in a position to enforce it. Italy should wait and grow strong.

The greenbook of the Italian Government has been published, and contains an immense amount of information in reference to the proceedings which preceded and followed the French intervention. It also contains a series of papers in reference to the proposal for a conference. So far as that project is concerned, the despatches clear up any doubts that may have been entertained as to the prospect of its fulfilment. The project appears to be hopeless.

The Pontifical engineers are actively employed strengthening the fortifications of the Castle of St. Angelo, of Monte Mario, and of Fort Immacolata. Twelve thousand crosses are being struck off for distribution to the troops on Dec. 21, in commemoration of the late campaign. Three barracks have been discovered to be partly undermined.

Lord Dudley held the lease of the theatre, about twenty-six years of which are still to run, and it was subject to Mr. Mapieson for twenty-one years, seven of which are expired, at a rent of £8000 a year, payable in advance. It was built in 1790, on the site of the previous house, erected under the direction of Sir John Vanbrugh, in 1705, which was destroyed by fire on the night of June 17, 1789. The first stone was laid by the then Earl of Buckinghamshire, and

the house was opened on March 26, 1791, but for music and dancing only, a license for theatrical performances having been refused by the authorities of that time. On the destruction of the Pantheon, however, by fire in the following year its license was transferred to the Opera in the Haymarket. The architect was Michael Novosielski, and it was originally called the King's Theatre, but upon the accession of Queen Victoria it assumed the name by which it has ever since been known. It was the largest in England, except the new Italian Opera, its internal dimensions being said to be within a few feet of those of La Scala at Milan. From the curtain to the back of the boxes it was upwards of 100 ft. long and 56 ft. high; the width at the curtain was 40 ft., and that of the pit 65 ft. The stage measured 60 ft. from the orchestra to the back wall, and 80 ft. between the side walls. The building was of brick, covered with Roman cement, the entablature being of Bath stone, and the surrounding columns of cast iron coloured to represent stone, and 17 ft. in height. The east, or principal, front was 283 ft. in length, and 61 ft. high. In 1790 the interior of the building was partly remodelled by Marinari, scene painter at Drury Lane. The exterior colonnades and façades were completed by Messrs. Thomas Nash and Repton, in 1818, at a cost of £50,000. One characteristic of the theatre was its acoustic quality, in which respect it is said to have been unequalled by any building of its class. The building and library, belonging to Earl Dudley, are said to be insured for £70,000, with £20,000 in Consols as an additional insurance.

DAMAGE TO ADJOINING PROPERTY.

Much of the property immediately surrounding the theatre has been more or less injured, and some of it completely destroyed. The greatest sufferer of all is Mr. Graves, the eminent engraver and printseller in Pall-mall. Behind his front shop were four spacious picture-galleries on the ground floor, communicating with one another, and lighted chiefly from the roof. These were stored with a rare collection of ancient and modern works of art, collected during a period of forty years, the greater part of which, along with the galleries containing them, have been entirely destroyed. The place was replete with ancient and modern pictures, Italian engravings, statuettes, water-colour drawings, and prints. Among those which have perished are Roberts's fine picture of "The Temple of the Sun," Carrick's "Home and its Treasures," Long's picture of the "Matmakers," Miss Osborne's "Returning from Market," Gow's "Just Awake," Hayllar's "Just Caught," and many more. All his pictures by Morland, Crowe, Muller, Vincent, Sydney Cooper, and his collection of portraits of eminent men have likewise been burnt. But, happily, all his steel plates, worth from £20,000 to £30,000, which were kept in iron safes, have been preserved, as have also several pictures by Gainsborough which had been left to be engraved, and all the books, subscription lists, and bills of exchange. Happily, also, Mr. Graves is insured in various offices to the amount in all of about £30,000, and, owing to the preservation of his collection of steel plates, he will be enabled to carry on his business, which for 115 years, commencing in the time of Alderman Boydell, who originated the firm, and was himself a famous engraver, has never been interrupted for a single day. Mr. Graves happens to be a member of the governing body of the Cutlers' Company, and had in his possession at the time of the fire for the purpose of engraving some of the fine portraits of the past masters of the company who had from time to time attained the dignity of Lord Mayor, including one of Alderman Sir Robert Carden, by Collins, all of which have been saved. So likewise have other valuable pictures, which fortunately happened to be at the houses of engravers at the time, and among them Frith's "Railway Station" and "Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales." Many of the pictures in Mr. Graves's private house, which is over his shop, were hastily removed, with others, during the fire, to the United Service Club, immediately opposite. The back of his residence was a good deal scorched and damaged by fire and water, but the front part of it is uninjured. The backs of the houses in Waterloo place were all more or less damaged, but to nothing like the extent of the premises of Mr. Graves. So intense was the heat from the burning building that it cracked thick plate glass in the windows of the Athenæum and United Service Clubs, and of other houses on the further side of Pall-mall and of Waterloo-place.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

As to the origin of the fire little or nothing is known; but the opinion of people connected with the place is that it broke out first about some part of the stage. There had been no workmen on the premises during the day, nor any work beyond the ordinary preparations for the coming performance on Saturday evening. The gas at the meters for the supply of the theatre had been turned off, and the man whose duty it was to look to that had gone for the evening. There were only five persons in the building at the outbreak—namely, the two firemen, the hall-keeper and his wife, both of whom had gone to bed, and Mr. Jennings, secretary and auditor to the theatre, who was engaged in his room auditing the accounts. It was the duty of the firemen to go round the theatre every hour, and a "tell-tale" clock indicated the performance of that duty. At nine o'clock, according to Mr. Mapleson, they went their accustomed round and reported that all was safe, upon which the hall-keeper went to his room, which was on the Pall-mall side of the building, immediately above the colonnade, crossing the stage on his way. The account of Mr. Jennings

is that he was alarmed by the red glow of fire in his room, which was on the ground floor, adjoining that of the manager, suddenly rendering the light of a gas chandelier pale. He went out immediately, and making his way to the hall through a dense smoke, gave an alarm. Before he could leave the room, part of the ceiling fell, and he had not time to save anything. Smoke and flame were then issuing from the roof. Another account is that, at half-past ten the firemen went their round, and again found all safe. Shortly before eleven they had their attention called to a glimmering light at the back of the stage, and on going to the place they found the floor of the stage burning with great fury, apparently from the bottom. Under that part of the building there were large receptacles for the stowage of old scenery, properties, and the like, which were all more or less inflammable. The flames, seizing them, spread with almost incredible rapidity. The hall-keeper and his wife, who slept in an apartment over the dressing-rooms, were awake by cries of "Fire!" and, getting up, attempted to make their escape across the stage; but, finding that impossible, they made for the roof of Mme. Epitoux's restaurant, on the Pall-mall side of the building, through a window of which they crept, and thus saved their lives. There had been a morning rehearsal of "Fidelio," but at the time the flames first broke out the house had been left for hours in the

pool and London and Globe, £10,000; Northern, £2600; Lancashire, £5000; Sun, £4000; Atlas, £3000; Manchester, £3000; North British and Mercantile, £2000; and Commercial Union, £2000. On properties—North British and Mercantile, £6000; and Royal, Liverpool, £3000; making a total on the building and properties of £44,000. The insurances by Messrs. Graves and Co., the print-sellers, are stated to be:—Alliance, £7000; Northern, £5000; County, £3750; Sun, £3000; Westminster, £3000; Hand-in-hand, £3000; Liverpool and London and Globe, £3000; Lancashire, £3000; and Western, £3000; a total of £33,750.

A PARIS SOUP-KITCHEN.

It cannot be denied that we owe the improved form of many of our charitable efforts to our "lively neighbours," who are wonderful organisers, and have a noble faculty for the immediate effort which is required by those who seek relief from suffering. Even that peculiar institution the Crèche has taken root in London, for, in connection with the hospital for sick children, an infant's home was started some three years ago, and we believe still survives apart from the parent charity—a place where hard-working mothers, women who are employed in outdoor occupations, may leave their little ones to be taken care of for a day, knowing that they will be warmed, and fed, and cherished till mother returns at night to claim them. We wish that there were more of these cradle homes, and that the spectacle of infants nursing infants, or of tender little babies being left to the indifference of old women who charge twopence or so for acting as "minders" might never be repeated.

The soup-kitchen, again, is a true French institution, and, thank Heaven, we have adopted it to some purpose in many of those districts where the famished poor dread the hunger and misery that come with winter. There is no form of charity better worth supporting than this. It is less liable to abuse than most other means of distributing material relief. It is immediate in its application, and the subscriber who receives tickets is able to help the very poor in a way which, whatever may be their character, can scarcely be open to objection, and at a moderate cost. These remarks are, we hope, not inappropriate to an illustration, which we publish this week, of the opening of the soup-kitchen of the Prince Imperial in the Rue des Anglaises, Faubourg St. Marceau, Paris. In a large, bare hall, the only ornament of which is a plaster cast, about 200 poor people, who gain their livelihood in the streets, attend in an orderly crowd to obtain the relief dispensed to them by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who cheerfully act as almoners, and encourage the applicants by the smiles that illumine their faces, half-concealed as they are by those great white-winged caps that are part of the costume of their order.

Some specially-chosen serjents-de-ville repeat the orders of the applicants; take the small sums which are charged for the provisions, and hand the steaming basins and canteens to the customers. Men, women, and children press round the counters to receive the savoury messes, and the whole scene is remarkably picturesque, with varied costumes relieved by the bright military uniforms. The piles of great loaves and the contents of the wide dishes rapidly diminish among so many guests, some of whom sit in an orderly way upon the forms provided for the purpose, and eat their dinners with calm satisfaction, while others feed more ravenously and with less of decorum. All are filled, however, and prepared for their daily labour, in school or workshop, or on the boulevards. In this way there are distributed 1100 breakfasts a day, consisting mostly of bouilli of beef; slices of meat, and rice-soup, with vegetables and bread. A pint of bouilli or rice-soup costs 5c. (a halfpenny), a slice of beef or a portion of vegetables being obtainable at the same price; while 5c. are also charged for a hunch of bread weighing 150 grammes.

WOMEN OF SUBIACO."

THE picture from which our Engraving is taken cannot fail to be recognised as a real work of art by all those who admire the happy grouping and the marvellous effect attained by a painter who is such a thorough master of the pose of his figures and such a keen student of the types of nationalities. These women of Subiaco, with their quaint picturesque costume and with the effective local background, have served to make a picture which is now of especial interest, and cannot fail to enhance the reputation of the artist.

FEEDING GARIBALDIAN PRISONERS BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FROM ST. ANGELO.

THE only reminiscence of the late Garibaldian insurrection which has reached us this week is the sketch an Engraving of which we publish. It is a painful and yet not altogether a depressing one; for the last of the Garibaldian prisoners have been sent from the Papal prison of St. Angelo to the frontier of the northern Pontifical States. The first detachment of these unfortunate fellows is represented in our Engraving taking their last hurried repast before their journey—a repast served in a manner not altogether enticing, but at the same time reminding one a little strongly of the customary dispensation of food at some of our own metropolitan workhouses, and at one of our metropolitan prisons.



"WOMEN OF SUBIACO."—(FROM A PICTURE BY M. HEBERT IN THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION.)

custody of the watchman and the two firemen usually on duty within the premises. The hall-keeper states that he passed round the place as usual before retiring, and all was right. He went to bed shortly after ten o'clock, and the first news of the fire that reached him came from the noise of the people in the streets who had discovered the flames. It seemed to him that the fire must have broken out in the cellars, and yet it had already reached the back of the roof. The two firemen are equally at a loss to account for the catastrophe, and they assert that at half-past ten o'clock they went their round and found that all was right. Mr. Mapleson, the lessee, having been hastily summoned, made an attempt on his arrival, but at first an ineffectual one, to save his books and papers. He was stopped, he says, at the door by the police and the military with fixed bayonets, and it was only by the intervention of Lord Colville, who happened to be present, that he was able to effect an entrance into his own private office, which was not on fire, and so secure private documents of great value to himself.

INSURANCES.

Subjoined is a list of the insurances effected on Her Majesty's Theatre; several of the offices, however, have lessened their risk by reinsurances in other offices not named:—On the building—Liver-



DISTRIBUTING VIANDS AT THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S SOUP-KITCHEN, PARIS.



GARIBALDIAN PRISONERS TAKING A REPAST BEFORE DEPARTURE FROM THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House only sat for a short time, and the business transacted was not of much general interest.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Two subjects occupied the greater part of the sitting. One was the production of papers relative to the squabble between Mr. Layard and Dr. Beke; the other as to the Government and the ebs. On the former question Mr. NEWDEGATE and Mr. LAYARD moved for certain correspondence which Lord STANLEY said related chiefly to a personal quarrel, and in no way affected the merits of the Abyssinian question. He suggested that parts of it should be omitted. Mr. Layard, however, insisted that it was a matter in which his personal character was concerned; and it was ultimately agreed that the papers should be given in an unutilated form.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7.

Both Houses of Parliament met on Saturday in order to hear the Royal Assent given to the several bills that had been passed during the Session, and then adjourned to Feb. 13 next.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT OF THE

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

to be published on SATURDAY, DEC. 21, will contain:—

TALES AND POEMS:—

Joshua Thomson's Christmas Eve. By Mrs. Macquoid.
Silversail and the Carrier Pigeon. By W. B. Rands.
The Three Guardian Angels. By Sheldon Chadwick.
Blind Man's Buff. By W. Clement Scott.
A Story Spoilt in the Telling. By T. Archer.
The Phantom Monks. By W. B. Rands.
And other Articles and Sketches appropriate to the Season.

ENGRAVINGS:—

An Avalanche. Drawn by R. P. Leitch.
Escape from Icebergs. Drawn by E. Weedon.
The Church Choir on Christmas Eve. Drawn by Adelaide Claxton.
Snatching A Kiss, and Blind Man's Buff. Drawn by D. H. Friston.
Gathering Mistletoe in Worcestershire. Drawn by R. Hull.
Mr. Thompson's Friend, and his Fox. Drawn by Miss Matthews.
Decorating a Church in Wales. Drawn by E. Brandan.
Christmas Travelling Eighty Years Ago: The Waggon Broken Down in a Snow Drift. Drawn by A. Slader.
Caught in a Storm. Drawn by C. Robinson.
The Phantom Monks. Drawn by C. James.
How Mr. Bob Scraper and his Friend Chubb Spent their Christmas Day. Drawn by C. Robinson.
Home for Christmas: Welcome at the Lodge. Drawn by B. Potts.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

THE LAW OF CITIZENSHIP.

THE spirit of the feudal system still pervades our laws to an extent and in directions that are little dreamed of by people who do not give heed to the great and important questions involved in the origin of legislation and of habits and customs. As we still cling to doctrines that have long since been exploded, and follow customs that are unsuited to existing circumstances, so our legislation and legal maxims are tinged with ideas and principles which can no longer be reduced to practice; and as the constitution of our Legislature itself is—or was, until Mr. Disraeli this year completed the political education of his party—moulded, to a large extent, on the feudal notion of territorial predominance—that is, on the superiority of the baronial order—so feudal notions and principles pervade our statute and common law to a degree that is really astonishing when we remember the changes that have come over society since feudal times, and the progress the world in general, and England in particular, boasts of having made since the days of the Edwards and the Henrys. Doctrines that were suitable and convenient in the *then* state of affairs, are utterly inconsistent with our condition and habits of thought *now*; and yet they still continue to give a tone to our laws and to fetter the decisions of our Judges. Indeed, they do more; for they sometimes tend to embarrass our relations with other countries.

These remarks apply in an especial manner to the laws regulating British citizenship, which are still essentially feudal in their spirit. It is no wonder, therefore, that they should become the subject of discussion, as within the last few days has been the case, by a distinguished writer in the columns of the *Times*. In ages when each man owed a sort of allegiance to his feudal superior—from the King downwards to the pettiest Baron—two antagonistic feelings naturally arose: first, that the superior should desire to be in a position to command at all times and for any purpose of his own the services of the vassal; and, second, that the vassal should be anxious to escape by flight—the only means in his power—the performance of services at once distasteful, dangerous, and oppressive. Of course, as the superiors had the making of

the laws, these were not framed to suit the wishes or convenience of the vassals. Hence the laws which bound the vassal to the soil owned by his lord, and the subject of whatever degree in his allegiance to the Crown. The feudal doctrine was, once a vassal, always a vassal; once a subject, always a subject. Nor was this doctrine limited to the case of an individual himself; it extended to his descendants as well. Time has severed the bonds of the vassal; the law of *ascripti gleba* has long been abolished; but the fetters of the subject still remain. No one is now the "born-thrall" of another; but every one born on British soil is still, according to the letter of our law, a British subject, no matter what may be his parents' nationality. And not only so, but even his descendants to the third generation are in the like position. Further still, the children of British subjects born abroad are British subjects, also to the third generation.

The net of citizenship is thus exceedingly wide in its sweep; it is calculated to catch fish of all possible kinds in all possible circumstances. But the very breadth of the doctrine defeats its object, for it thence becomes impossible of application—still more of enforcement. It leads, moreover, to some startlingly absurd results. For instance, several members of the Orleans branch of the French Bourbons have been born in England, and are therefore, according to our law of citizenship, British subjects, a character which neither they nor their descendants for three generations can shake off, and that, too, irrespective of their own wishes or desires. But observe to what complications this doctrine might lead. Were any revolution in France to recall the Orleans family to the French throne—and stranger events have occurred in the history of that country—French Princes of the blood-royal, nay, the Sovereign of France himself, might be a British subject, and liable to be tried and executed for treason should he be taken bearing arms, in however legitimate a war, against this country. Of course, it is improbable that the law would be carried so far as that; but it would be perfectly legal to do so, and the very fact that the law cannot be applied in its full extent, but must be left in abeyance whenever a pipch comes, proves its absurdity and justifies a demand for its revision.

Again, our law of citizenship refuses to release from their allegiance to the British Crown all persons and their descendants to the third generation who have once become, by whatever accident, British subjects; and denounces against them, in theory, all penalties attaching to a breach of allegiance. * But British subjects and their progeny are scattered among nearly every nation in the world, and are to be found in vast numbers in the United States of America especially, upon whom it is impossible to enforce the duties or confer the benefits of British citizenship. Our law thus, again, becomes null and of none effect; is, in fact, a mere *brutum fulmen*, and had very much better be altogether abandoned, or at least greatly modified. It is as impossible to maintain the doctrine that the mere accident of birth on British soil makes a man and his children Britons, as that being born in a stable would make him and them horses. Just fancy the absurdity of seeking to tie up men's allegiance for three generations on the strength of such a mere accident as the birth of a child on British soil, where he may have remained only for a few days, and to which he may never have returned!

Citizenship should not be a burden, but a benefit; should not be an incumbency, but a privilege. And to secure that it is so, we should not be so over-anxious to secure and to retain subjects whether they will or no. The Romans, in whose institutions and laws such a marvellous amount of practical wisdom is embodied, understood this matter better than we appear to do. With them, citizenship was difficult of attainment, and was—mainly in consequence of that difficulty—of high value. *Civis Romanus sum* meant a vast deal then, for it carried valuable privileges and solid advantages; and were we less greedy in catching and holding subjects, British citizenship would be held in higher esteem now. Men made subjects in virtue of an accident, and retained in that capacity against their will, cannot be expected to set great store by the citizenship thus forced upon them, or to be very enthusiastic in the discharge of its duties, should such a demand ever be made upon them. To be of any value, free will, not compulsion, should be the foundation of citizenship.

To our thinking, it would be wiser to confine our claim for the performance of the duties, and our offer of the benefits, of citizenship to those persons only who, born of British parents, either tacitly or formally indicate their desire to be subjects of the British Crown. If a man wishes to renounce his allegiance, let him be free to do so; and with his renunciation of allegiance and his abandonment of domicile—nay, with his assumption of citizenship in any other State—let his privileges as a British subject lapse. Certain regulations as to details would, of course, be necessary in order to check fraudulent and merely nominal transference of fealty; but these might easily be devised, and ought to be as simple in their character and of as ready comprehension and application as possible.

This subject has acquired especial importance at the present time from two circumstances. In the first place, certain Fenians recently tried in Ireland have attempted to set up American citizenship as a bar to British jurisdiction. But this was—even admitting their claim—a fallacious plea; because all foreigners are, and must be, amenable to British law on British territory; and it was for offences against Britain, and not against America, that they were tried. It mattered nothing, therefore, where these men were born, or of what State they called themselves citizens. They were charged with a violation of

British law, and by British law, and before British tribunals, they behooved to be tried. In the next place, there is a passage in President Johnson's recent message in which he recommends the law of citizenship to the consideration of Congress, with a view to its revision, modification, or definition. This passage, as given in the telegrams, has been thought to indicate a wish to favour the Fenians; but, whether that be so or not, the propriety of the President's recommendation is unquestionable, for the law of the United States on this matter is as vague and inapplicable as our own. And, inasmuch as there are in the States vast numbers of natives of nearly every country in the world—particularly Europeans—it is of the utmost moment that their position, and the relations they bear to their native and adopted countries respectively, should be accurately settled and defined. There is scarcely any matter that could be named that is of more vital moment to the United States than this; and it is, therefore, only natural that the Executive at Washington should be anxious concerning it. And we trust that if any sensible overtures are made to our Government on the subject, they will be met in a proper spirit, so that both America and ourselves may be freed from the uncertainties and anomalies, as well as the possibility of future embroilment, which the present condition of the law of citizenship involves.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, with the junior members of the Royal family, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, will, it is understood, leave Windsor Castle, about the 20th or 21st inst., for Osborne, where her Majesty will spend Christmas.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE (George and Olga) arrived at Athens on Sunday, Nov. 24. Their reception was as brilliant as it could be made.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has granted an amnesty to "the authors and abettors of the recent invasion of the Pontifical territory."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has sent the town clerk of Southampton 100s. towards the West India hurricane fund.

THE KING OF SIAM has conferred upon Sir John Bowring the title of "Phraya Siamtre Maha Yesa" for services rendered to the Siamese. Thus, we are informed, is the highest dignity that can be borne by a foreigner; and few Court newsmen, we may add, save those of Siam, would try to spell it.

MONSIGNOR ANDREA, who, from holding Liberal opinions, has fallen into disfavour with the Papal Government, has been deprived for three months of his office of Cardinal.

SIR DAVID BAXTER has given £5000 towards the founding of a chair for teaching engineering in the University of Edinburgh.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has just presented an oil painting of himself, by Watson Gordon, R.A., to the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS has intimated to the executive committee of the Fine-Arts Exhibition to be held at Leeds in 1868 his willingness to accept the office of patron of the exhibition, and his intention of contributing several works of art from the Royal collections.

THE HON. COLONEL LOWTHER, M.P. for Westmorland, died, on Friday week, at Barleythorpe, his hunting-box in Rutlandshire.

MR. TOLLEMACHE, M.P. has returned 20 per cent of their rents to the tenants of his Woodhey estates.

A MAN AT LINDSAY, Canada, has been fined five dols. for cursing the Queen.

THE WIFE OF JOHN NOBLE, of Dumfries, gave birth, last week, to four male children, who, with the mother, are all doing well.

GENERAL GRANT has been nominated national candidate for the presidency of the United States by a mass meeting of bankers and merchants held in New York.

BRANSTONE, a hamlet in the Isle of Wight, contains fifty inhabitants, the united ages of five of whom number upward of 400 years.

SNOW has fallen of late in such abundance in some provinces of Spain that the railroads have been blocked up.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT has contracted for the supply of 300,000 Chassepot muskets, to be delivered at the rate of 50,000 a year.

THE UNITED STATES now has 37,000 miles of railroad completed, and 17,000 completing.

TWO FEMALE PRACTICAL JOKERS frightened a young married woman into insanity, at Milwaukee, recently, by telling her that her husband was dead.

THE WIDOW OF COUNT DE MORNY is about to marry a Spaniard, the Marquis d'Alcanicas.

THE WATER OF THE POND OF REGENT'S PARK, London, has been drawn off. The bodies of three children—all recently dead—were found in the mud.

A UNIFORM AND ADEQUATE DIETARY SCALE for country workhouses is under the consideration of the Poor-Law Board, and measures are likely to be taken to secure that desirable result.

STEAMERS are now running between Liverpool, South America, Cowes, and Antwerp, which have been named after famous men. The following are some of their names—viz., the Flamstead, Halley, Copernicus, Herschel, La Place, Milton, Galileo.

TRIALS AT WOOLWICH show that the Carter and Edwards breech-loading rifle is superior to the Chassepot, inasmuch as it does not foul up to fifty rounds, and the Chassepot has to be cleaned out after the thirteenth round.

THE LATE GALES on the coast have been most disastrous. Accounts continue to be received of the destruction caused. It is consolatory to know, however, that many valuable lives have been saved by the noble exertions of the crews of the life-boats belonging to the National Life-boat Institution.

NAPOLEON'S WILLOW, at Kew, has been cut down. Forty years ago it was taken from the willows surrounding Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, and planted in Kew Gardens. It has been no uncommon thing to see French visitors bare their heads, or even fall upon their knees, before it.

THE GREEK WAR-STEAMER BUBULINA, which blew up several days ago in the Mersey, still continues submerged. The divers have been at work and one 100-lb. Armstrong gun has been recovered; but in consequence of the heavy sea in the river the operations have been seriously impeded. None of the bodies of the drowned men have yet been recovered.

FALIER BABAZ has found that spiders have the power not only of spinning a web, but of projecting one to any given point as far off as six or seven yards. That is to say, a spider lying upon a table can shoot a film up to the ceiling and escape by it. He has also discovered that some kind of spiders can swim in the air without any web at all.

SIR W. EARLE has consented to act as the umpire in the contemplated arrangement between the London and Brighton, the South-Eastern, and the London, Chatham, and Dover lines; and Lord Westbury has been applied to to act as arbitrator on behalf of the South-Eastern and the London and Brighton companies jointly.

SIXTY KEGS OF FRENCH BRANDY were found by the Isle of Wight Coastguard concealed between Colwell Bay and Cliff End, on the south-west coast of the island, a few days ago. The officers of the coastguard have for a long time had a sinecure.

WILD HORSES are now found in great numbers on the Lachlan plains, in New South Wales, and are become a scourge. At some seasons they are dangerous to approach. The squatters lose a great many stock horses and brood mares, which join the wild herds.

WORKMEN are now employed in the Long Gallery at the House of Commons, where the committee-rooms are situated, in placing, in two convenient recesses, two marble drinking-fountains. The water supply will be from the Artesian well situated at the rear of the National Gallery.

THE TENNESSEE STATE LEGISLATURE, which recently made itself famous by electing "Parson" Brownlow as United States Senator, is at present debating a bill entitled "An Act to encourage and protect loyalty," which provides among other things that it shall be a treasonable offence for any person or family to have in their possession a picture of Jefferson Davis or General Lee.

A DEPUTATION waited upon the Earl of Devon, on Tuesday, in order to impress upon the Poor-Law Board the importance of an equalisation of the bases of assessment throughout the metropolitan area. The noble Earl promised attention to the subject, and stated that some of the points urged upon him had already occupied the serious consideration of the board.

THE SIBERIAN PESTILENCE—the worst form of the cattle plague, which a few years ago spread as far as St. Petersburg, whence it was propagated to western countries—has broken out again at Tobolsk. Up to Nov. 10, 4270 horses, 356 head of cattle, and nine men had succumbed to the disease in that province. In the Prussian province of Silesia the cattle plague is fast dying out.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

COMPLAINTS innumerable have been made by the London papers, echoed by the provincial press, that Parliament during the late short sitting has done but little. Well, it has done all that the Government wished it to do. It has voted two millions of money for the Abyssinian war; it has saddled the country with a penny—practically a twopenny—additional income tax; it has sanctioned two or three postal contracts; and it has amended the Metropolitan Traffic Act. This amendment, though, is extra work, not thought of when the Government first decided to summon Parliament to meet in November; and in the matter of the costermongers it is alleged that the Act is worse for mending. Mr. Ayrton suggested that the House should merely repeal obnoxious clauses, and the suggestion was a wise one; but Mr. Hardy would not listen to it, and he has now got into a fresh difficulty. This, besides reading a few bills the first time, is nearly all that Parliament did. Lord Robert Montague, in the last week of the Session, got a bill, intitled "The East London Museum Site Bill," through the House of Commons at a rush. But that, when it got into the Lords, came to grief. It fell under the eye of Lord Redesdale when he was down in the country on the last day of the Session—that is, the last day on which bills could be passed. His Lordship, having travelled 108 miles for the purpose, appeared in the House of Lords and put his foot upon the measure, to the great disgust of Lord Robert, no doubt. He had smuggled his little bill through the Commons *sub silentio*, and as Lord Redesdale, the House of Lords' watchdog, had gone away, Lord Robert hoped to get it easily through, when, lo! suddenly Lord Redesdale appeared. "Bad bill, my Lords," said he, "bad in substance—bad in form; moreover, the standing orders for such cases made and provided have not been complied with—cannot, must not pass, your Lordships." The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Robert's chief at the Privy Council Office, whence the abortion came, protested in his weak way, but all to no purpose. In such matters Lord Redesdale, as Chairman of Committees, is omnipotent, and the bill was dropped.

And here let me ask—with a Duke of Marlborough as President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, and Lord Robert Montagu as Vice-President, can anybody hope that the great education question stands any chance of solution? We might as well expect to gather grapes from bramble-bushes or to get blood out of a stone as hope that this great question will even move forward towards a settlement, weighted as it is by these two dull Tories. Do they know what education is? Doubtful that, I think. Do they wish the people to be educated? More doubtful still this, I fancy. And if they know what education is, and wished the people to be educated, certainly they are not the men to devise a scheme for educating the people. Indeed, I may say at once that the education of the people, so long as we have a Conservative Government, must be an impossibility. This grave question must be relegated to a reformed Parliament. The unreformed Parliament I am sure will not attempt its solution; and to prepare a scheme and get it through Parliament we must have able men in power who honestly wish to have the people educated. Whilst meditating upon this subject I had this vision come before my mind:—A reformed Parliament in Session. Robert Lowe as Minister of Education, with a seat in the Cabinet, on the Treasury bench, flanked on one side by Gladstone as Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer and on the other by W. E. Forster, also in the Cabinet. Then there came Henry Austin Bruce, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Coleridge, and a long line of shadowy people whose faces were undistinguishable. Sir Roundell Palmer I could not find, and at first his absence puzzled me. Suddenly, however, I thought of the woollack. Neither was Sir George Grey discernible; he will by that time, I said, perhaps have retired, or possibly he might be seated at the end of the bench as a Minister without a portfolio. Some say that in this vision I ought to have seen Mr. Bright; but I saw him not. I accounted for his absence in this way: He has been offered a seat in the Cabinet, no doubt, said I, but has been unable yet to make up his mind to submit to official harness. I thought I caught a glimpse for a moment of John Stuart Mill as Secretary of State for India; but perhaps the wish was father to the thought. This was my vision—only a vision; but I think it may possibly be more or less perfectly realised; and, if it ever should be, we may expect some energetic attempt to settle the education question.

Having shown what Parliament did, I will notice one thing which it attempted but failed to do. It tried hard—or at least a number of the members on the Opposition side tried—to penetrate the mystery of the Abyssinian business; but the attempt was a failure. There was an immense amount of talk upon the subject, and at times I thought that the clouds were lifting; but eventually they came down as thick as ever. Bernal Osborne took up the matter earnestly, and promised to throw some light upon the subject, and now and then he did emit a glimmer, but only to make the darkness more visible, the confusion worse confounded. Nor was Colonel Sykes more successful. He seemed to insist that the neglect of the Foreign Office to answer King Theodore's letter to the Queen was the main, if not the sole, cause of the imprisonment of Cameron and Lassam, and he was so earnest and energetic that for a time many of the members were carried away by his earnestness, and thought that they had got to the bottom of the mystery. But to the majority of the House this solution was not satisfactory; and I confess that I am of that opinion. The anger of King Theodore when he found that Consul Cameron had brought him no reply, was rather a symptom of his disease than the disease itself. Doctors, you know, often mistake symptoms for diseases. The inestimable gift of diagnosis is not awarded to many of our medical or political doctors. From Mr. Layard we could not hope to get much light. He was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs whilst this dangerous pustule was coming to a head, and it is openly charged against him that with more care and skill he might have stopped the inflammation at the beginning. He, therefore, has a direct interest in keeping the past all dark. But *nil desperandum*. Before the meeting of Parliament in February we shall have more papers printed—the correspondence between the Foreign Office and Plowden; the Foreign Office instructions to Cameron; and all the correspondence relating to the Abyssinians in Jerusalem; and sundry other documents, all more or less important. It is, perhaps, fortunate that the Conservatives are in office just now. The Whigs would probably have refused to produce these papers; but as the Conservatives are not implicated in the mistakes which were made, they refuse nothing.

The correspondence touching the slanders upon the character of Mr. Layard—which many curious, and I may say prurient, people hope to read—are ordered to be laid upon the table; but the House did not order them to be printed. They will therefore be placed in the library, for members only.

Mr. Alexander Laidlaw, of Bury-court, St. Mary-axe, has just been good enough to send me a packet of his novelties for the season, for which I am much obliged to him; and very pretty novelties they are, and of great variety, too. There are ornaments for the Christmas-tree and surprise sachets; sundry sets of the flags and arms of all nations; sheets of comic scraps; heads of the people and cockney celebrities, being caricatured portraits of well-known characters; fimbriated cards, beautifully coloured and embossed; Christmas cards with chrome bouquets; cham and mandarin prophetic cards; cards of converse and divination; and a host of other things which I cannot stop to enumerate. Several of the said sets are adapted for games which are sure to afford much amusement at Christmas parties; and the whole are chastely coloured and deliciously scented—quite treats, in fact, either to look at, to smell, or to play with. One exceedingly ingenious contrivance is contained in a neat paper box, which, on being opened, displays an ordinary Christmas cracker, and that being exploded in the usual way, a full-sized article of apparel drops out: such as a Scotch "old wife's flannel toy," a Normandy cap, a "Sairey Gamp's" bonnet, little Red Riding Hood's cloak and hood, &c. Accompanying the whole is a little book called "A Dish of Gossip from the Willow Pattern, by Buz, and Plates to match, by Fuz," which I fancy I have seen before, but which is amusing for all that.

Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons, of Paternoster-row, have also sent me a packet of illuminated texts on thick cardboard, in enamelled envelope, which have been selected with great judgment, and are executed with much taste and elegance. These illuminated texts are admirable for suspension in the church, the nursery, and the school-room.

"The City Diary and Almanack" (Collingridge) has again made its appearance. In addition to the matter ordinarily given in a diary for the desk, it contains a large mass of official information with regard to the City not to be found in any other publication, the whole being carefully compiled and well arranged for reference. It is a complete guide to the various business offices of the Corporation and City generally. There is ample space for daily entries, and the blotting-paper with which the diary is interleaved is a very useful feature.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Argosy* being, under new management, in the position of a new magazine, may claim the *pas* this month. It is now printed in a larger type (an enormous advantage, though it lessens the quantity), and Mrs. Henry Wood's story opens powerfully with an unhappy marriage, a "triangular duel" of jealousy, and a homicide. The criticism in the "Log-book" is undeniably good; but the sentence, "What is intolerable or injurious we shall pass," ought to have read, "What we think is," &c. The Protestantism of this column is, I hope, above suspicion; but such a narration as "Ten Years a Nun" is objectionable, unless accompanied with an assurance that it is a narrative of facts. As to page 55, I have to observe that the reverend author of "Caleb Williams" never "pleaded his sincerity as an excuse" for a certain act of his life there referred to—he always justified it as an act of duty, needing no excuse. The plea of sincerity was addressed to another issue. Nor is it anything short of absurd to say, "Were this the philosophy of the law, there are, perhaps, few crimes that would not carry with them their own justification." If that were the "philosophy of the law," obviously all crimes would be justified—i.e., the law would be self-stultifying; but the "philosophy of the law" goes to the forbidding and punishing of crimes or injuries, not acts, of whatever kind, which need not hurt other people, unless they like.

I have received one more Christmas number—that of *London Society*. In this, as usual, the illustrations are got up with great care and with satisfactory "effect." But the literature, too, is good. Mr. T. Archer, in "Christmas under Lock and Key," writes in one of his best veins; and, taking it altogether, the number is cheap, and profusely varied. This time, Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins, in writing "No Thoroughfare," the Christmas part of *All the Year Round*, have broken away from the tradition which presents Christmas stories in a framework or "fable," and with the happiest results.

It is not easy to say anything new, month by month, of *Blackwood*—it is not a magazine of "salient points"; but "Cornelius O'Dowd" is always readable, and the general contents of the number are good enough. But I may observe that there is a political writer in *Blackwood*—he does this time "The Government and the Press"—who is a twaddler, and very little more. I waive difference of opinion; but neither gods nor men (I should have thought not editors) can stand such writing about the "Conservative Surrender," in the *Quarterly*.

Macmillan, as usual, is original and characteristic. Mr. F. T. Palgrave does good service as an anti-alarmist by his paper on "Ritualism"; but I can scarcely get any consolation out of the two contrasted passages from De foe and Bishop Butler. Belief—or, in other words, sound conscience—is in all ages threatened by two concurrent tides of influence; namely, the ceremonial-authoritative and the "materialistic," or denying. But the question whether we are safer now than men were in De foe's days, is another matter. Everybody should read "Realmah," if it were only for the anecdote of Lord Macaulay about Lord Thurlow; I think the best ever told about him. Mr. Edward Dicey, taking the Wiggins story for his text, makes one more demand for a court of criminal appeal. He is right. We must and shall have it.

The price of *Once a Week* is, in future, to be twopence instead of threepence a number, and Mr. Charles Reade, associated with Mr. Dion Boucicault, is to begin a new story called "Foul Play" directly. Mr. H. Savile Clarke contributes some really charming verses, of which here is one:—

Our Rector, of the good old school,
Will help us all to heaven—God willing;
But knows the poor man, as a rule,
Needs both a blessing and a shilling.

In *London Society* the picture called "The Serenade" could scarcely help being good, as it is a copy; but one has seen a pretty face uglified in a woodcut; and Mr. Thomas deserves a warm word for the care with which he has reproduced the moonlight beauty of the chief figure among the three girls.

"Cosmetics" is a long subject, but Mr. Scoffern manages to bring the two ends of it together within the compass of a pleasant paper in *Belgravia*. One turns rather eagerly to "Studies in Tennyson"; but, as the topic is a large one, and the material handy, one wants more than seven pages of it. I have not myself been into the Tennysonian "bibliography," but I can, offhand, make a criticism or two upon this readable paper. First, apropos of the lyrics in "The Princess," the writer says:—

It is worthy of note that one of these lyrics—"As through the land at eve we went"—received some additions when reprinted in Moxon's selections, 1865. Between the two verses we there get—

"And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears."

To this I beg leave to add that, according to my recollection, that verse was in the lyric at first, and was afterwards suppressed—wisely, in my opinion, for I do not believe "falling out" ever "more endears," unless it leads to the clearing up of a doubt. We will try again:—

Curious to note that in subsequent reprints these lines in allusion to the Crystal Palace are omitted—

"She brought a vast design to pass,
When Europe and the scatter'd ends
Of our fierce world did meet as friends
And brethren in her halls of glass."

Why is this "curious to note"? The verse is a very bad one, and "halls of glass" is even a vile commonplace; besides which, it is most probable that the Queen objected to it because it seemed to give her too large a share in an honour which belonged to Prince Albert. Let us dip again:—

The "Idylls of the King" (1859), by many regarded as the poet's finest work, has gone through several editions. None of these are specially interesting in a bibliographical point of view; but the dedication to Prince Albert was not added until after the Prince's death.

It would have been very funny if the "Dedication" had been added before his death, since it is not to him at all, but begins:—

These to his memory, since he held them dear.

Once more:—

The one instance that occurs to me of a refinement resulting in weakness is in the "In Memoriam," where the familiar lines,

"And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips is all he said,"

have been changed into

"And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said."

This alteration has been made at the expense of all force and beauty. "Sacred wine" is feeble, and almost, if not utterly, meaningless; and in spite of the seventh edition the earlier form will always be the popular one.

I really cannot follow this. The new version removes an obvious grammatical ambiguity, to begin with; and is much more gravely musical, too. Read the two lines aloud,—

And dear as sacramental wine,

and then

And dear to me as sacred wine,

and note how much more solemnly the latter runs off than the former, with the glib word "sacramental" in it. If you use the word "sacramental" you cannot help breaking it with a caesura at the "sa"; but, in the other reading, the caesura falls naturally upon the "me." What fault or weakness there is in "sacred wine" I cannot at all guess. If anybody were asked offhand what "sacred wine" meant, would he not answer at once "sacramental wine"?

The *Broadway* contains a capital paper on the "Miseries of Dramatic Authorship." Mr. W. Clark Russell writes neatly and sensibly of Mr. Longfellow's poetry. But I must have a fling at him, too. He writes:—

The *North British Review*, in considering Longfellow, says, "His command of verse alone proves him to be a genuine poet." Undoubtedly Longfellow's command of verse helps him to be a genuine poet, but how it proves him to be so is beyond my capacity to conjecture. To very incompetent critics, to young ladies fresh from school, and to the general admirers of a man who rhymes, doubtless a particular command over the various forms of metre is a sufficient guarantee of the man who rhymes being a poet. At least, such has been found to be the case in many instances, indeed. But unfortunately for those who can do nothing more than rhyme, critics from the remotest times have agreed rather to value the matter than the manner, and furthermore have, on discovering the matter to be bad, displayed a particular contempt for the manner, no matter how meritoriously musical.

Well; the *North British Review* was quite right, and Mr. Russell is quite wrong. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in another place, has written:—

This power over verse, as it is one of the most primary, so also it is one of the most final, tests of a true poetic vocation—especially when displayed on a large scale, and with great variety of adaptation. Other powers may be preferred for dignity or value; none is more of the essence of the art of poetry, or so positively discriminates that from all other forms of art. None, therefore, is more essential to the poet or more symptomatic of his rank.

Quite true, Mr. Rossetti, and admirably said! A man is a poet, then, and then only, when he naturally, and by impulse, expresses emotion (thought being strictly a foreign element in poetry) in such rhythm as revives in the hearer the rhythmic vibrations of the nervous system proper to the emotion. The verse of a poet is something more than correct, or varied, or, in the low sense, "musical"—it is charged with passion; and is so truly the rhythmic body, not the mere dress, of the subject-matter, that, if read to a foreigner who did not understand the language, it would affect him. There is not space to carry on this topic and discuss superficial difficulties (which, however, vanish at a touch), but it is most strictly true that (1), while there may be and often is correct metrical writing without poetry, and (2) while there may be and often is much poetic vision without metric power, yet (3) "command of verse" is everlastingly the signal-flag of the poet. It will be noted that the *North British* and Mr. Rossetti employ, one, the word "command," the other, the word "power."

The *People's Magazine*, with its free-moving and well-informed story of the Polish insurrection by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, has previously received a cordial word in this column. Its illustrations are really most admirable.

The same praise applies to the *Intellectual Observer*. There was, last month, a coloured picture of the Blue-cheeked Barbet, which positively glowed like a jewel!

The *Christian Spectator* contains a letter, signed "Mathetes" (the Greek word for Disciple), upon "The Fatherhood of God," which constitutes the happiest and most curiously-complete *precis* of the evidence on the side of those who maintain the universal fatherhood of the Supreme Being that I ever saw. Buy the magazine, reader, and keep the letter of "Mathetes" by you.

From theology to Mr. Beeton's *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*! But there is no shame in taking the leap; and I have to say that this magazine contains, by the Author of "Mildred's Wedding," the best story of the month and one of the best papers on Fenianism.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

I have very little to chronicle this week. Managers are much too busy with their Christmas pieces to devote much attention to such unimportant trifles as Shakspearean revivals or original three-act comedies. An exception to this remark occurs in the person of Miss Marie Wilton, who this evening produces Mr. Boucicault's comedy, "How She Loves Him!" which comes to us with a high provincial reputation. Mr. H. J. Montague has been engaged for it, and Mr. Blakey, of Liverpool, will also appear in it. The most important part in the piece is intrusted to Mr. Hare.

A short farce, with no pretension to anything beyond sheer absurdity, was produced at the NEW ROYALTY last week, under the title, "Highly Improbable." It serves a useful purpose in providing Miss Carlotta Addison with a part in which she has an opportunity of showing how much a really clever actress may make out of very insignificant materials. Mr. Bowindo, a crotchety M.P., brings his daughters, for electioneering reasons, into the wilds of a remote county borough, in the height of the London season. The ladies are incensed at this, and still more incensed at the prospect of having a young country gentleman quartered upon them for a fortnight. They hear that he has an extraordinary aversion to strong-minded young ladies, and they endeavour, by assuming a variety of masculine attributes, to frighten him away. However, he proves too much for them, defeating their schemes, and generally turning the tables upon them in so disconcerting a manner that nothing short of his immediate marriage with the eldest daughter can reconcile them to their position. The farce is well played throughout, especially by Miss Carlotta Addison, who, by her delivery of a conventional jury speech, in a barrister's wig and gown, fairly brought down the house. Miss Bella Goodall distinguished herself as a smart chambermaid; and Miss Bourke and Miss Fowler played two subordinate parts very nicely. Mr. Cathbert has provided the piece with a remarkably pretty scene.

Mr. Harry Lemon (a son of Mr. Mark Lemon) has inaugurated his career as a dramatist with a smart little *apropos* sketch, called "Up for the Cattle Show," which was produced at the ADELPHI last Saturday. Mr. Belmonte plays the part of a countryman who is intrusted with a prize ox, which he is to bring up to London. He loses the address to which it should be taken, and finds his way into the office of a solicitor who is administering the effects of a wealthy old general officer recently deceased. The name of the ox is "The Old Soldier," and, of course, the countryman's allusions to it are supposed by the solicitor to refer to his late distinguished client. A pleasant scene of equivocal ensues, and the curtain falls on a complete success.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE is to have a burlesque after all. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "La Vivandière; or, True to the Corps," which was played with success at Liverpool last summer, is to be produced at this theatre, a fortnight after Christmas. Miss Fanny Josephs has been engaged to play the principal lady's part; Mr. Toole will play Sulzpius, and Mr. Wyndham will play an introduced character, "Maufred," a part he played with much success in Liverpool. Miss Hodson and Miss Markham will also appear.

THE GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHIC SCHEME.—It has been authoritatively stated that "the Government telegraphic scheme does not contemplate, as represented by many of our contemporaries, the employment of the present staff of letter-carriers for the delivery of telegrams. The existing postal organisation is, indeed, looked to as available to some extent for the working of the system, especially in the collection of telegrams from the postal sub-offices; but the whole active business will be intrusted to special employés attached to the telegraphic bureau to be established. It will thus be seen that the assertion that one advantage from the Government taking over the telegraph business would be the lessening the number of offices, applies only to the reduction of the number of central establishments in London and the chief towns of the United Kingdom. With the exception of telegraphic routes to be made, the number of offices for purposes of dispatch will very nearly equal those pertaining to the postal departments. It is to such increased facilities, as well as to the use of telegram stamps and a low uniform scale of rate, that the authors of the scheme predicate immediate financial success, such as would arise from the universal use of this means of communication. The Government bill on telegraphs is, it appears, still under consideration, certain clauses not having been, as yet, definitively shaped."



1. MR. MCCOMBIE'S SCOTCH POLLED OX, 1ST PRIZE
AND GOLD CUP.

2. MR. BETTRIDGE'S HEREFORD HEIFER, 1ST PRIZE.
3. LORD BERNERS'S LEICESTER WETHER.

4. MR. JOHN TAPP'S WHITEFACED MOUNTAIN WETHER.
5. MR. G. DRUCE'S OXFORD WETHER.

6. HER MAJESTY'S DEVON STEER.
7. SIR JOHN HARPUR CREWE'S LONG-HORNED OX.

PRIZE ANIMALS IN THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL



6. HER MAJESTY'S DEVON STEER.

7. SIR JOHN HARPUR CREWE'S LONG-HORNED OX.

8. EARL OF RADNOR'S PIG OF ANY BREED, EIGHTEEN MONTHS OLD.

9. MR. JOHN TREADWELL'S PIG OF ANY BREED, NINE MONTHS OLD.

10. MR. JOHN COATE'S PIG, FIVE MONTHS OLD.

11. DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S SCOTCH HORNED STEER.

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

If the collection of live stock brought together at the Agricultural Hall this year does not range above an average, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the average is a very fair one, and such as to reflect the highest credit upon the breeders and feeders of cattle. During the last three years that valuable class of the community whose business it is to supply the people with animal food have experienced difficulties almost unexampled, and enough to have quenched every spark of rivalry and obliterated all spirit of competition in their breasts. They have seen their herds in some districts decimated, and in others nearly swept away by a relentless disease, that could only be subdued by having recourse to slaughter and the stamping-out process. As a necessary measure of safety, too, the markets were closed against their healthy stock, and their farms and pasture lands subjected to a rigorous quarantine, whilst the compensation they received was confessedly inadequate to their losses. Yet throughout the trying ordeal their courage and energy never once deserted them. Patiently and hopefully, if not cheerfully, they submitted to the inevitable, and gallantly came up, but in slightly diminished strength, to bear their part in the annual struggle which yearly takes place under the auspices of the Smithfield Club. How they have braced themselves to the conflict a few brief statistics will show. In 1864, the club having received a fresh impetus from the recent opening of the Agricultural Hall and the improved accommodation there provided, the entries that year reached 532 of all classes, being the highest point they have ever attained. Then came the murrain, when the question was whether the show ought to be held or not; and, if held, whether it was likely to be justified by the result. Permission was accorded by the Privy Council, and to the astonishment of most people there were 453 entries, and, on the whole, a good show. Next year there was a further falling off. Still the entries stood at 418, and the quality of the animals exhibited well sustained the character of the club. That year appears to have been the turning point; for in the present instance the entries have gone up to 426; and whereas in the two previous years the diminution was in the cattle department, which numbered 274 in 1864, 223 in 1865, and 207 in 1866; on this occasion the increase is in those same classes, which now number 213. The show of sheep is a very large one, but the pens for pigs are not as crowded as usual. On the whole, taking all circumstances into consideration, the show is a fine practical test and illustration of the indomitable perseverance, enterprise, and skill of the English breeder.

THE CATTLE.

In particularising the several classes, it is well to proceed according to the order in which they stand in the catalogue; and of course the Devon cattle lead the way. Than this collection of a favourite and handsome stock a better has seldom been witnessed. The quality of all, indeed, is so high that a really inferior beast is not to be found amongst the lot; and this remark applies with special force to the cow and heifer classes, which contain several of the most perfect specimens.

Included in the exhibitors of Devons this year is the Queen, who occupies a very prominent position. Her Majesty shows in not less than four out of the five classes into which this description of stock is divided, and is a successful competitor in three, winning a first prize for her two years and four months steer, a second prize for her three years and ten months steer, and a third prize for her three years and eleven months heifer. They are all of them very symmetrical in shape, and furnish proof of careful feeding and skilful treatment in the rearing. The original stock from which they spring is that of Mr. George Turner, of Exeter, whose splendid herd the late Prince Consort always highly appreciated for their purity of breed and general excellence. When it is remembered that her Majesty entered the field with Mr. Buller, Mr. Farthing, Mr. J. Overman, Mr. W. Smith, and other of the most eminent Devon breeders, the success she has achieved speaks well for the management at the Norfolk farm. In two of the classes Mr. W. Smith, of Exeter, won the first prize, and the beasts he shows are certainly entitled to the distinction on account alike of the quantity and quality of meat they carry. To Mr. Barton's prize Devon heifer and Mr. Farthing's prize Devon cow it is almost excusable to apply the term elegant, for in every respect they are perfect.

Passing to the Herefords, they may be pronounced an improvement on the previous year, when the depreciation was most manifest. They include several fine animals; and in the female class Mr. Henry Betteridge's three years and six months heifer distances all competitors, and carries off the silver cup as the best heifer or cow in any of the classes. She is run hard, it is true, by Mr. R. Stratton's three years and two months short-horned heifer; and the opinions of connoisseurs were yesterday so divided as to the relative merits of the two that, until the red ribbon was placed over the Hereford's stall, it was extremely doubtful on which the wreath would be bestowed. Let it be said for the winner that she was shown at Birmingham last week, where she also took the first prize; and that, if less lively than her short-horned opponent, it may fairly be attributed to the circumstance of her having undergone greater fatigue.

A numerous and excellent show is that of shorthorns. All the old exhibitors whose names have long been familiar to us are here, and a good many who never put in an appearance before. First prizes are taken by the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Foljambe, the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Stratton; and of the entire classes which form the department we may safely say that they continue to display a marked improvement. The local breeds of cattle, too, have made considerable advance; and this is more particularly apparent with the Sussex, of which there are several nice specimens, the Norfolk or Suffolk polled, and the Scotch polled breeds, both of them choice collections of animals, which are daily becoming more valuable in the market. It is amongst the last-mentioned breed, the Scotch polled, that the beast to which is awarded the silver cup as the best steer or ox in any of the classes is to be seen. He is the property of Mr. McCombie, of Tillyfour, near Aberdeen, who has achieved some deserved triumphs at previous Smithfield shows. This ox won the premier prize at Birmingham last week, and the reputation of the animal having reached the ears of Royalty, he last Saturday accomplished a pilgrimage to Windsor, "by command," when her Majesty was pleased to express her admiration of him, and to request that when brought to the poleaxe one half the vast carcass should be reserved for the Royal larder. This distinction is well earned, for the ox is a noble fellow, and his enormous bulk and towering height mark him out at a glance as being without a rival in the yard. His form, too, the depth of chest, the girth and shape of the barrel, the evenness with which the flesh is laid on, and the absence of unnecessary fat, combine to render him attractive in a double sense, especially in the eye of that ogre the butcher. He is pronounced "a wonder" by one of the most eminent of our shorthorn breeders; who added, moreover, that henceforward he should take him as a pattern for breeding his own shorthorns.

The remaining cattle classes consist of a few, very few, Irish beasts of the Kerry breed, a half-dozen or so of Welsh runts, and a goodly show of mixed breeds and extra stock.

THE SHEEP.

In the department for sheep, the Leicesters are somewhat improved. Here Lord Berners takes the silver cup for the best pen of longwools of any breed, Cotswold, Lincoln, or Kentish; but on closely examining these classes there will be no difficulty in detecting the continuance of an old and most objectionable practice, which has often formed the subject of animadversion both at the meetings of the Smithfield Club and in the columns of the press. We allude to the system of shearing in such a manner as to deceive the eye, if not the touch. It is one of the characteristics of a good longwoolled sheep to possess a broad flat back, but the length of fleece is favourable to the shepherd's display of skill in clipping the back to a perfect level whilst encouraging its growth at the sides. The best longwools in the yard have not been exempted from this treatment, although it must be notorious that the judges cannot be influenced in their decisions thereby. But even the eye is not to be deceived, for the shape of the animal is spoiled, and nothing in

nature is to be found like it. There are some of the pens of sheep which, to the credit of the exhibitors, have been clipped so as to preserve the true form of the animals; and of these we may mention, amongst others, the pens belonging to Mr. Lawrence Willmore and Mr. Foljambe.

In the short-wool classes of sheep the South Downs bear away the palm. A finer collection it is impossible to imagine, or one in which the competition could be more keenly conducted. Nobody, we presume, will object to the decision of the judges in awarding the silver cup to Lord Walsingham's pen of magnificent Down wethers, though the task of adjudicating between the conflicting claims of so many meritorious animals must have been very difficult indeed. This is clear when it is stated that his Lordship had to compete with the Goodwood, the Colleshill, the Hove, the Burnham, and all the best flocks in the country. Besides the Southdowns there were a few Hampshire or Wiltshire also of first-rate quality.

The Shropshire, the Oxfordshire, the Mountain, Ryeland, Cheviot, and Dorset breeds possess no especial feature, except, perhaps, that they hardly come up to an average; but there are two or three of the Oxfordshire and Mountain sorts which are very superior to the rest. The extra stock comprises some very good shortwools, and several of the cross-breeds are also deserving of commendation. The pen of Oxford downs belonging to Mr. Samuel Druce, of Eynsham, takes the silver cup for the best pen of Shropshire, Oxfordshire, or cross-bred in any of the classes.

THE PIGS.

The show of pigs is a smaller one than has been seen for many years. Here, too, the Queen exhibits specimens of Prince Albert's Windsor breed in three classes out of four, and is successful in taking prizes in two. Both are third prizes, one being for a pen of tiny pigs about six months old, and the other for a pen eleven months and twenty-eight days old. The former are very much admired. Amongst the other exhibitors are the Earl of Radnor; Mr. Coate, of Hammon; Mr. T. Crisp, and Messrs. Howard. But the finest pens in the whole collection are those containing specimens of the famous Colleshill breed, to one of which is awarded the silver cup. Taken altogether, this part of the show is a capital one.

LORD HILL'S ELAND.

In a corner of the annex occupied by the porcine tribe Lord Hill exhibits a specimen of the eland, of which so much is said in the writings of Livingstone and other African travellers. It belongs to the antelope tribe, of which Livingstone pronounces it the most magnificent. In some of its characteristics the eland approximates to the ox. It is a graceful and beautiful animal, quite as large as an ordinary-sized horse, and apparently about 5 ft. high at the shoulders. The horns are straight, inclining backward and outward. They are spiral and pointed, and of great strength. The tail very much resembles that of an ox, and terminates in a tuft of black hair. In its native state it is gregarious; but, being generally very fat, it is not difficult of pursuit. Its flesh is very much esteemed, particularly the muscles and thighs, which are dried like tongue. Inasmuch as the eland at one time frequented the temperate zone as low down as the Cape colony, from which, however, he has been driven by the settlers, it is thought that he may be easily acclimatised and domesticated in England, and it is with this laudable object that Lord Hill has devoted his attention to the propagation of the species on his estate—with what measure of success it is as yet hard to say; and the specimen shown at the Agricultural Hall has the reputation of being "wicious, very wicious, indeed!"

THE IMPLEMENTS.

The galleries are as usual filled to repletion with stalls, at which are displayed every description of implement and article of furniture pertaining to rural life and farming pursuits. The seedsmen make a more than ordinary show, particularly Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of the Royal Berkshire Seed Establishment, Reading. Messrs. Sutton's stand contains an excellent display of finely-grown agricultural roots, including Sutton's selected yellow globe, Berkshire prize, and yellow intermediate mangolds, Sutton's champion swede (which has taken the principal prizes during the past season), Sutton's imperial green globe, red paragon, new purpletop mammoth and Pomeranian white globe turnips, Sutton's improved kohlrabi, &c., a collection of the leading grasses for permanent pasture, and samples of the leading kinds of potatoes in cultivation, including a splendid new variety, the Berkshire kidney. The name of the other exhibitors is "legion."

Under the galleries the steam-engines for agricultural purposes are arranged in great number, whilst there is an *omnium gatherum* of a very varied character in the arcade. Here the Victoria Wine Company hoists out once more its banner, inscribed "Wine for the Million;" and we need hardly say that as everybody may taste and nobody pays a bribe trade is being driven. Mr. Hughes, the manager, performs the office of caterer in most hospitable style, and we are greatly mistaken if before the week is out the 12s. ports, sherries, and burgundies of the Victoria Company do not command a popularity as pure and wholesome wines which more pretentious liquors of higher price may seek in vain to rival. At all events, amongst the numerous tasters at the bay of the Victoria Wine Company during the week the verdict was one of unqualified and universal approval.

THE COSTERMONGERS AND THEIR GRIEVANCES.—On Monday evening a meeting of costermongers and others was held at the Nag's Head, Leatherlane, for the purpose of considering the amended bill of the Street Traffic Act, popularly called the "Starvation Act." Mr. Cohen, who presided, said he considered the amendment which had been introduced into the Act not much preferable to the Act itself. Mr. Hardy had been styled their friend; but he (Mr. Cohen) could only exclaim, "God preserve us from such friends." They had many sympathisers outside their body; and, if they would only unite, he had no fear of the success of their exertions. It was then proposed by Mr. Wall, seconded by Mr. Milton, and carried unanimously, "That Sir George Bowyer, Lord Elich, Mr. Alderman Lusk, and other gentlemen who had recently voted in the House of Commons in the interests of the costermongers, should be written to and requested to become patrons of the Traders, General-Dealers, and Street-Sellers Protection and Benefit Society." The objects of this association, as stated in a circular which is being extensively circulated, are "to unite the body of traders, general-dealers, and street-sellers in a body, to protect the united interests of its members when attacked; to defend them from unjust and vexatious prosecutions; to obtain the repeal of enactments fraught with injury to freedom of trade; to provide a fund to lend to its members, so as to render them independent of the extortionate loan-lender; and thus to raise the position of all persons engaged in the callings before mentioned, and keep many of them from the brink of starvation to which they are exposed."

RENEWAL OF RATTENING IN THE SAWGRINDING TRADE.—Rattening has again taken place in the saw-grinding trade at Sheffield. Messrs. Robert Sorby and Sons, saw manufacturers, of Carver-street, have always stood favourably with the sawgrinders' union. The nature of their business has enabled them to pay the best price, and they have never made an offer to the men of less than the "statement." For forty years, we believe, Messrs. Sorby have not come into collision with their workpeople, but have always maintained the best relations with their men. Yet the grinding-wheel where these men are employed is the one selected for a rattening raid by the resuscitated "Mary Ann." About two o'clock on Sunday morning some cottagers residing near Roscoe Wheel heard a noise, but took no particular notice of it. When they got up they found that the door of the wheel had been broken open, and the grinders, on coming to their work, made the discovery that "rats" had been to pay them a visit. Seven wheel-bands were gone, and the nuts had been removed from seven glaziers. Both bands and nuts were the property of Messrs. Sorby. The men, of course, were thus thrown out of work. Messrs. Sorby propose to deal vigorously in the matter. Following the prompt example of Messrs. Ward and Payne in a similar case lately, they have at once stopped all the sawgrinders in their employ, and work will be refused them until the bands and nuts are restored or new ones furnished. The secretary, on behalf of the society, most strongly repudiates this outrage, and declares that no money has been or ever will be paid for its commission from union funds. There are a number of "loose fish" still enrolled in the union, and if these should be trying on any of their old ways, they will doubtless apply to the secretary and treasurer for payment in due course. If they should do this, the secretary expresses his determination to bring them under the operation of the new rule, and to cause them to be expelled from the society. About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, the bands and nuts were found by one of the grinders, named John Dams, hidden under a tree and covered with the debris of a wall, which appeared to have been pulled down for the purpose. The man, however, did not meddle with the bands, but gave information to the police, who took charge of them.

PARIS GOSSIP.

You may well believe that nearly the whole talk has been of the great Parliamentary victory carried off by M. Thiers and the majority of the Chamber; and certainly the event is felt to be more, a good deal, than a nine days' wonder. Even the Roman question, which was its ostensible occasion, is felt by really political men to be, notwithstanding its enormous importance, only second to the real and direct significance of the event. The latter lies in this—that Parliamentary government in France has made a wide step towards placing itself above personal government. If before M. Thiers' speech the Administration—that is to say, the Emperor—had come to the conclusion that Italy never should have Rome nor any of the present territory of the Pope, they committed an egregious blunder in waiting till M. Thiers had delivered his speech. But the general belief is that it was that speech which determined M. Rouher's declaration; and I suspect that the French Government had previously come to the conviction that no conference could be got together, or otherwise the Minister of State would have been more reticent.

The Clerical party is in great glee, and the Democratic and anti-Papal people are gnashing their teeth. It is sheer ignorance, however, to deny that the course taken by the Government is the one approved by the immense majority of the French nation—of that broad majority on which the throne of the French Emperor rests; so that he may be said to have done a little for the Pope and a good deal for himself.

M. Thiers to-day is a greater man in France than the Emperor. I know something of Parliamentary speaking, both at Westminster and in the Palais Bourbon, but never within my recollection has any display of genuine political oratory approached that exhibited in Thiers's great speech, which compelled the Government to surrender. I offer no opinion on the soundness of the views, except that they were those of the whole assembly, with the exception of a fraction, but the oration was so polished in its comprehensiveness and simplicity that it delighted everyone as a mere work of art. Nor was this skilful speaker and ripe intellect less happy on Tuesday in giving a lesson to that presumptuous prig, M. Emile Olivier, who is rather lower in the Parliamentary scale here than is Mr. Butler-Johnstone with you, and yet sets up for a Minister in embryo. M. Thiers told him what Sully and his master conceived of European politics, and after that exposition, which was loudly cheered, no one can say "Henry IV. is dead!" Thiers has resuscitated the great patriotic monarch. The speaker was warm, angry, carried away; but, notwithstanding, he was natural and very true. The scene was an exciting and most interesting one. One burst reminded me of a hit Lord Russell made when defending Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons many years back:—"He is not the Minister of France, nor of Russia, nor of Austria; he is the Minister of England!" With not less cheering was Thiers greeted when he told the Chambers, "The Italians are Italians; the Germans are Germans; and we, who ought to be Frenchmen, are nothing!"

The Emperor is entirely with his Minister of State. "Being," bitterly exclaims M. Guérault, "the creature of the revolution, he has turned his back on his creator!" The figure of speech is rather audacious; but probably Louis Napoleon does not want to undergo the fate of Saturn's children.

Every winter Paris, says a *chroniqueur*, places the sceptre of Royalty in the hand of some foreign beauty. This year Lady Tempest Vane appears to be the favoured mortal. This lady, it seems, has made an enormous sensation in appearing in her box at the Opera; but she has a dangerous rival in the person of a youthful Marquess of Aguado, from Florence. As, however, the homage of the dressmakers mingles with that of the men, I had better say nothing.

PAPERS FOR RUSSIA.—The Post Office of Russia having given notice that hereafter the postage to destination of newspapers and other printed papers for that country, forwarded by way of France, must be prepaid (as is already the case when they are forwarded via Belgium), the following rates of postage—British and foreign combined—will in future be chargeable on newspapers, &c., addressed to Russia via France:—For a newspaper not exceeding 4oz. in weight, 4d.; for a packet of printed papers not exceeding 4oz., 6d.; for every additional 4oz., 6d. These rates must be paid in advance by means of postage-stamps, and no further postage will be levied on delivery.

DOUBLE TIDES IN THE THAMES.—It is generally known that the tide ebbs and flows about seventy miles up the River Thames twice in twenty-four hours; that these tides are influenced by the increase and decrease of the moon, causing them to vary in their times, each one coming twenty-four minutes later than the former, which wants but twelve minutes of one hour in the twenty-four. But accidents may interfere with this regularity, for if the wind is high at the west or south-west it is known to stop the flowing in of the tide to its usual height, as a boisterous north-east wind has a contrary effect. But it is believed that, although we may have had shifting or preternatural tides, as recorded in Maitland's "History of London," we have never experienced anything like the phenomena which have taken place during the present month. On Sunday, Dec. 2, the tide flowed at Hammersmith in the first place until five o'clock a.m.; it then ebbed until half-past four p.m.; and then became flood again until half-past seven p.m. This unusual occurrence was, however, greatly exceeded in its remarkable character by the tide of Saturday, the 7th inst., when two flows and one ebb occurred between midnight and eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society held on Monday, a letter, dated Zanzibar, Oct. 11, from Mrs. Kirk to Sir R. Murchison was read. That lady says:—"Dr. Kirk wishes me to tell you he has hardly any doubt at all that it is indeed Dr. Livingstone—i.e., the white traveller—who had been seen in the interior. If it is not, who can it be? There is no other white man in the interior that we know of, and a Portuguese from the west would not speak Suaheli. There is also a rumour that a white man has been seen in the country of Uruwa, west of Ujiji; but as yet we have not been able to trace the report. It was heard casually mentioned in a conversation between two natives. Dr. Kirk had sent a large parcel of guns, letters, and other things to Ujiji to meet Dr. Livingstone, which, if he hears in any way that such things lay there for him, would probably influence his movements." Dr. Kirk also, writing on Oct. 9, says:—"You see I am very sanguine that our friend is still alive. The manner in which we obtained the testimony was very satisfactory. In the first place, I picked up the news among some of the native traders; I then traced it to the caravan people, and drew out their story while they were unsuspicious of its interest; so that neither Hurde traders nor Suaheli men had an object to tell lies, or any idea in which way to do so if they wished to please merely. Besides, our conversations were carried on without an interpreter, and, although making no pretence to a full knowledge of the language, I know quite sufficient to be able to express myself and dispense with that fertile source of confusion, an interpreter. I need not repeat all we heard; most of what is important will be published before this reaches England. With the prospect of letters from Livingstone so near, we may well refrain from all speculation on the subject of his geographical discoveries."

SEWAGE IN THE THAMES.—Sewage continues to be troublesome, being deposited in the wrong place. Some correspondence has been published as a Parliamentary paper relating to the large shoals forming in the Thames in the neighbourhood of the main-drainage outfalls, near Barking-creek and Crossness. The engineer of the conservators of the river reports that the character of the mud shows clearly enough whence it has come. Dr. Letheby, who analysed a sample of it in the summer, found it fetid, and in a state of active putrefactive decomposition. He describes it as consisting of broken-up sewage matter, with the remains of myriads of animalcules, and a large quantity of carbonate of lime in a partly crystalline state, together with the usual ferruginous clay of the lower water of the Thames. He found the very large proportion of 14.49 to 15.5 per cent of organic matter in the well-dried mud; and he states that "by undergoing putrefactive decomposition this mud, which is accumulating in such large quantities at the sewer outfalls, may be a cause for serious alarm, especially as it there meets with sea water, the sulphates of which may, by their chemical decomposition by the putrefying mud, occasion the escape of much sulphuretted hydrogen, and set up that remarkably offensive change which is characteristic of the action of sewage upon sea water." It is not to be overlooked that the north-east outfall the greatest accumulation is 2000 ft. above the point of delivery, showing that the discharge of the sewage is not so managed as to carry it all down the stream. The survey made in June showed near the northern outfall a space of more than 40 acres, and near the southern outfall about 120 acres of the bed of the river covered by a deposit varying in depth down to 7 ft.; the deposit has been traced for above a mile, and might be followed further down the river, though in decreasing amount. The conservators have been in correspondence with the Metropolitan Board of Works, whose surveyor does not admit that the accumulations are due to their works. But the board did not much urge this point, being able to give, in their letter of Nov. 11, a reply which in substance amounts to this—that Acts of Parliament require them to cast all this solid sewage into the lower part of the river, and other Acts of Parliament make it the duty of the conservators to take it out again, if it is too much for Father Thames.

Literature.

A Book About Dominies, Being Reflections and Recollections of a Member of the Profession. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

We have read this "Book About Dominies"—Anglican school-masters—with a great deal of pleasure and not a little amusement; pleasure, because of its hearty, honest, outspoken opinions as well as the kindly spirit it generally displays; and amusement at the sturdy prejudices, old-school sentiments, and vigorous likes and dislikes of the author. We have also been greatly tickled at the thought of what will be said by some of the strictest sects of northern Pharisees over the opinions of the author touching preachers and preaching, Sabbath-day walks, and so on, on which points he is utterly heterodox. There can be no doubt that the writer is what he represents himself to be—a Scotch dominie of the old school, who originally betook himself to the vocation of teaching from love of the work, who has continued at it all his life from the same motive, who devoutly believes in boys—real boys—and in the usefulness and dignity of the profession the special mission of whose members is to teach the young idea and to mould the mind of youth; and a noble mission it is. We quite agree with our author on that point, nor have we much objection to take to his opinions as to the deference of society to "Mrs. Grundy," modern "young gentlemanism," social science congresses, and other newfangled notions, for all of which our dominie has a most thorough contempt. On one point, however, we must take leave to differ from him, and that is his faith in the virtue of flogging, though we half suspect that his creed is more theoretical than practical. Still, we must put in a plea for that "moral influence" and that power of suasion at which we think he has too great a tendency to sneer, and a protest against "rule by the lash," in favour of which he has so much to say. If our dominie confined his argument to the limits of what we have little doubt is his own practice, we should have little to urge against it; but when he defends flogging as the main source of the dominie's power, we must differ from him in toto. This is the prescription which, the dominie tells us, he has found most efficacious with boys: "Lignum vitae, 3 ft.; to be applied externally; the dose may be repeated, if necessary." And he says that boys generally rather like the regimen than otherwise; and that, when they become men, they are given to bragging of the "whoppings" they received in youth. Now, a man may not be disinclined to glory over having been well thrashed when a boy—most people are inclined to make much of what they have endured and accomplished—and yet may not have been in any way benefited thereby; and a dominie may be a liberal flogger and yet a very indifferent teacher. It may be that the free thrasher may be also a skilful teacher; but it is not so always, or even often. As our author sensibly remarks, there are few Dr. Arnolds in the world, and still fewer of the dominie persuasion. We speak with knowledge as well as feeling on this subject, for it so chances that the writer of this notice was reared north of the Tweed; and, having had the advantage—or disadvantage—of being educated by a dominie of the old school, who thoroughly believed in the virtue of the lash, and liberally applied it, he can speak from painful experience. There was no favoritism in the school-room where we acquired the measure of education we possessed when we began life, and where we had our palms and our shoulders "warmed" on many a memorable occasion. Our particular dominie liberally applied the "tawse" and the cane to all under his charge; and, speaking for ourselves, we can confidently assert that what was most effectively flogged into us was obstinacy, of which, perhaps, we had too much naturally. No, no, my good Dominie, the birch, the cane, and the "tawse" are not the most efficient educators; and the teacher whose principal resource these are, has undoubtedly mistaken his vocation. To be sure, our author's experience has been that of the flogger—ours that of the floggee; which, perhaps, may account for the difference of opinion between us.

Apart from this matter of flogging, however, there is a great deal that is good, and wise, and kindly in this "Book about Dominies," which is not a series of biographies, as might be fancied from the words of the title, nor even an autobiography, though it has necessarily a little of that character. It is simply a series of essays on the work, pupils, surroundings, joys, sorrows, difficulties, labours, and triumphs of the dominie, with reflections on other classes of men and things naturally suggested by the way. It is not by any means the work of a pedant; there is no special display of learning, and only such a tendency to quote Latin as proves that the writer really belongs to the *genus pedagogus*. There are much close observation and sound criticism of men and manners, a dash of satire—which, however, is never malicious; and a hearty dislike of cant, humbug, and pretence that is positively refreshing, coming, as it does, from the north, and dealing with matters held in highest reverence there—in outward seeming, at all events. The style, too, is good; the language being terse, vigorous, and yet elegant English. We have noted one fault, however, on this head, and that is a habit, again and again indulged in, of closing a sentence with a small, insignificant word—e.g., "He has a large stock of theories on education, which we, in our insular stupidity, do not see the merit of"; and so on. This fault is no doubt common, but it is a fault, nevertheless—at least, so it was held to be "when we were at the school." On the whole, however, this is an excellent book, which deserves to be extensively read and carefully pondered.

The Guardian Angel. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," &c. In 2 vols. London: Sampson Low and Co.

When people speak of a "guardian angel" they generally mean what is, to them, a remarkably pretty somebody, attired in the nicest style of the reigning fashion, and generally considered "far too bright and good for human nature's daily food." Perhaps, indeed, the angel does not object occasionally to just much "the wing of a humming-bird and the sunny side of a peach"; but that is in moments of irredeemable commonplace. Everybody knows the young gentleman who has found a guardian angel, and everybody knows the angel who is only too happy to be the young gentleman's guardian.

Well, Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes describes nothing of the kind, and so his title may deceive many readers. No matter, it is honourable to be deceived, and, in the present case, it happens to be extremely pleasant. Mr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel" is a quiet gentleman of sixty—learned without being pedantic, and comfortably off rather than luxurious. He lives only for his books and to do good to all the deserving people who become associated with him. A single man, he professes to have buried all dear to him in this world in the grave of "Thoughts on the Universe," a splendid work of his own composition, which fell stillborn from the press. When the old gentleman has contributed to make the young and the old around him happy and good, and when a sagacious publisher pays handsomely for a new and revised edition of the "Thoughts," we leave Byles Gridley, A.M., in a state of calm beatitude, and feel little less contented ourselves.

But there is something in this book of more importance than amiable Byles Gridley, A.M.—that is, the nature and fortunes of Miss Myrtle Hazard. Myrtle is gravely supposed to be possessed—and the reader may take such a psychological phenomenon in any way he pleases—by the spirits of at least half a dozen ancestors. These are of many kinds, of the olden period, and marked by special characteristics. One has been a reputed witch, another has suffered at the stake for her religious zeal, and so forth. And Myrtle, brought up in the present day, in a little New England town, under the care of two of the sternest and most puritanical of old single maidens, has visions of these ancestors, becomes possessed by their spirits, and revolts from that cruelty intended for kindness which has made her life a burden for years. Myrtle, aged fifteen, vanishes from the house, drops down the river, and would have perished at the falls, but for Mr. Clement Lindsay, a young sculptor, who saves her, and she is soon restored to home and health through

the exertions of Byles Gridley and others. After this she enjoys more liberty. She goes to a fashionable school in the "big town"; learns to dance, and also to dress, and that in the fascinating style of one of her spirits who was remarkable as a Court beauty of her day, with all its graceful accompaniments. She soon possesses a beautiful face and a stately figure; but how she turns heads, breaks hearts, becomes rich, and is finally very happy and very good, must not be transferred to these columns. Thousands of readers will remember Mr. Holmes's former story "Elsie Venner," in which a young girl was supposed to have inherited "Ophidian characteristics" from her family. The "Guardian Angel" avowedly presents the same idea in another and less repulsive shape, and is therefore qualified for making more friendships. At all events, the reader may be assured that there is nothing in these volumes to make the "flesh creep and blood run cold." Mr. Holmes is very delicate in the careful manner in which he deals with his spirits. He is serious, then humorous. You cannot say whether he believes in them or not. A little possibility of such things is necessary to his success as the writer of such a fiction; and if he has erred at all, it is in giving so little prominence to the qualities good and bad which Myrtle Hazard derives from her ancestors. But we do not think that refined readers will say one word against that.

We can only glance at other characters in this remarkable book. The two puritanical old ladies are very good, and form admirable contrasts to the three or four young girls, notably, Miss Susan Posey, a handsome and sentimental village girl, who changes her love (at a time when no damage is done) and fixes it on Mr. Gifted Hopkins, clerk to a store, and local poet, to be famed for all time. There is a good character or two amongst doctors, and amongst ministers, of course, especially Mr. Stoker, who can preach brimstone and talk treacle for his own private and pernicious ends. As a not altogether very bad blackguard, the clever young lawyer Murray Bradshaw is an excellent picture of a schemer from whom much good might be expected, only his fortunes are trodden to death in the recent American conflict. He dies penitent, and forgiven by her whom he would have wronged. There are many others. We need only say that they all mingle skilfully together, and that they are lit up by Mr. Holmes's quaintness and humour into real human beings, and are not in the least too grotesque for their part of the world.

Let all novels be laid aside until the "Guardian Angel" be read. It is full of wit, and wisdom, and interest; and, indeed, of all those good qualities which most novels are without. But may we ask if really cultivated Americans say "him" for "he"?

Sylvanus, Netherton, and other Poetical Works. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo.

A portly volume of anonymous poems is not an everyday matter. The slim and prettily-bound volumes so often to be met with are generally very modest, and are invariably prefaced with a few words which, except in extreme cases, quite do away with any serious feeling of savageness in those who are obliged to read them. As for the possibly-deluded public, there is no knowing how they may be affected; but in any case, and perhaps in all, the authors will be sufficiently gratified by friendly praise, and will care but little for the criticism of the cold world. In the case of "Sylvanus, Netherton," &c., it is to be feared that there will be less content than usual on all sides; not that the book is very bad, as we are about to explain; but it is anonymous—a condition of things never to be tolerated in the case of verse—and there is nothing from the bare titlepage to the first page of the first poem. Now, in a handful of love songs nothing else is wanted; but with big and ambitious poems a page or two of preface or introduction does much in clearing the way. Moreover, there are long poems, one of them a drama called "Wallace," falling not far short of 200 closely-printed pages; and there is not the usual bunch of lyrics, wherein every reader can find at least one gem. Wallace is near enough to history, and contains a little lazy lovelarking; but it is hopelessly dreary, and, though full enough of heroic passion and historical common-sense, it is about as commonplace as a drama can well be. For instance, the Lady Katherine muses on her love in the following non-original manner:—

'Tis strange how in this world the opposites
Of the other close together draw.
It seems as if the qualities possessed
To high perfection by the one attract
The other lacking them—thus clings the weak
Unto the strong, who loves to lend protection.
The keen of intellect finds more delight
In close consort with mediocrity
Than in the daily converse with his kind.
The studious youth the athlete most admires,
Who, in his turn, holds in high reverence
The lore and still attainments of his fellow.
The gentle-hearted maiden loves the man
Of fire and energy, and lofty aims—&c.

Surely the ordinary observer of mankind scarcely wants instruction at that rate. As verification it is fair enough, as is the volume generally. Indeed, the verification is sometimes of a very high quality, which makes us wonder all the more how occasionally a line betrays an utter want of rhythm or an utter want of pronunciation. Another "poetical work," called "The Bee," is little more than a literary practical joke. It shows how to keep bees, but is not likely to interfere with Huber's book. However, it has one good point: it does not attempt to derive from the hive one single moral for the use of man. "Netherton" is a story of love going the wrong way—two gentlemen and two ladies who become hopelessly entangled through the wiles of a designing Lady Home. There is a murder or a suicide, we cannot say which; and as the surviving girl is blind, the old lady insane, and one of the lovers drowned, doubtless Sir Lucius O'Trigger would pronounce it "very pretty as it stands."

There is only one more poem—"Sylvanus," the first in the volume. The Prince Sylvanus has for godfather the sylvan god of his own name; and this godfather gives him a girdle of peculiar charms. He can be invisible; he can travel, like Prince Huzzain, on his carpet; and he can inspect the secret ways of mankind and read their inmost hearts. A few experiments convince him that, from highest to lowest, the whole world—including the lovely Lady Ida, whom he is about to marry—are more false and debased than the bitterest cynic could ever have suggested. He studies mankind, rules with singular justice, and so astonishes his subjects: but they do not love him, because his implacable justice leads to the notion that he must be indifferent to mercy, charity, and love. He dies, and is forgotten before he is buried. Upon the whole, this "Sylvanus" is really a poetical work and free from the faults pointed out elsewhere. It is infinitely superior to the others, and properly claims respect for its author. We shall hope for a little condensation and other improvements in such dramas as "Wallace," next time.

English Monasticism: Its Rise and Influence. By O'DELL TRAVERS HILL, F.R.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

We shall do all that is necessary by briefly describing the contents of this large and interesting volume. To begin with, it has already appeared in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and so may claim to hold its own irrespective of praise or blame; and it is certain not to meet the latter, whilst, if the former be but moderately bestowed, it will only be because the substance of the work is in no way new to the readers who may be called "students." Mr. Hill, however, has done his work well, with commendable industry, literary skill, and taste and delicacy necessary to a question which in modern times is becoming every day more "vexed." The book gives a picture of monastic life drawn from the records of Glastonbury only; but that one was the greatest, and may be taken as representative. The political influence is, historically, as important to trace as the domestic incidents are amusing. (Abbot William Vigor made himself popular with the monks by ceding half a load of grain to each brewing, to make the beer better.) But, of course, the Church, political and social, cannot be discussed in the present very limited space. Of orders, Mr. Hill describes only the excellent and exemplary Benedictines, and the sterner but decidedly dubious Franciscans. As for what may be called the

question between these two orders—the difference between something like comfort under severe discipline and something disgusting in its needless poverty and degrading dirt—we wonder that Mr. Hill did not mention St. Philip Neri's admirable pages of common-sense on prayer. Mr. Hill insists that the Augustinian mission only gave another colouring to Christianity in England, since there were English Christians in Rome in the time of St. Peter, recognised and mentioned by St. Paul himself; and he also insists that the Reformation was only a return to the primitive simplicity of the great Church. But he revels in the ancient monastic spirit, without wishing to return to it; and whilst he becomes really eloquent in the praises of all the monks' sacrifices, and good deeds, and the refinement and beauty of their lives, he yet wonders how men could have been found who would so readily give up all the humanities, cares, troubles, or joys and glories, of the outer world.

The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent. A Sentimental Journey. By LAURENCE STERNE. London: Routledge and Sons.

Among their latest cheap issues, Messrs. Routledge have published neat sixteenpenny editions of Sterne's two famous works, which are assuredly worth the money, and a great deal more. The type, of course, is necessarily small and the paper thin; but the print is, nevertheless, clear and readable, and the books "great value" at the price. We should add that Sterne's "Letters" are added to the "Sentimental Journey."

THE BIRMINGHAM TOWN COUNCIL has agreed to invite the Social Science Association to hold its next annual meeting at that town.

INTERESTING TO PRINTERS.—M. Guerard Deslauriers, a chemist, recommends the use of an essence of petroleum for cleaning type. A French printer, after eighteen months' experience, reports that the petroleum, volatilising rapidly, does not gum up the type; in fact, leaves nothing on the face of the metal but a little white powder, which is easily removed by means of a soft brush; that it does not injure blocks, has no effect in opening the pores of the wood, but, on the contrary, hardens the surface, renders the face of the wood peculiarly smooth, and consequently increases the fineness of the work produced; lastly, the cost of the petroleum is less than half that of turpentine, and the rapidity with which it dries allows the formes to be washed without removing them from the press or machine.

MARRIAGE IN HASTE.—Gentlefolks, as everybody admits, get married for all sorts of reasons; but there is surely something quite original in the notion of a housemaid catching a stray bachelor in order to marry him with all speed at eight o'clock in the morning, and thus to secure a legacy which would be lost if she waited till half-past nine. Yet such was the proceeding of Catherine Allingham, who six and thirty years ago was in service, and had for her fellow-servants Mary Pearce and Elizabeth Pells. Now, Pearce was a woman possessing furniture and £20 in money, and from a mysterious desire to promote matrimony among her friends, she executed a will, leaving the furniture and £20 to the first of the two who should enter the marriage state; after which she shortly died. Upon this Elizabeth Pells at once took action to secure the legacy, and arranged to marry her "young man" on a certain day, at a certain hour, and in a certain church; but, unfortunately, she forgot to keep her secret. Whereupon the soul of Catherine was stirred, and having no "young man" of her own all ready for matrimony, without more ado she thought herself that one, Mr. Thomas, whom she had seen once or twice, was a bachelor, and would at any rate do for a husband, so far as the furniture and the £20 were concerned. "Barth is willin'" to oblige the young woman, no doubt, "for a consideration," inasmuch as the bride-expectant proposed that they should part immediately after the knot was tied; and when, on Feb. 23, 1822, the happy Elizabeth went into the vestry of Christ Church, Blackfriars, to sign the register of her marriage, just completed, her eyes beheld the signature of the false Catherine attesting her own marriage with Thomas, and she saw in a moment that she had been "done." The termination of the affair is as prosaic as the commencement was farcical. Catherine never saw her Thomas but once afterwards, when she met him by chance in the street; and now she is dead, having made no will of her own, and her cousin claims to administer to her property as heir-at-law, the only question as to the decision of the Court of Probate arising from the difficulty of proving her husband's death. Such is the way in which the *mariages de convenance* of the drawing-room are imitated by expectant legates in the kitchen.—*Hill's Mail Gazette*.

THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.—On the 4th inst. Earl Granville addressed a letter to the Duke of Marlborough in reference to the speech made by that nobleman on the occasion of Lord Russell's resolutions on education being brought forward in the House of Lords. Earl Granville informs the head of the education department that he believes the conscience clause to be the turning point of any future extension of elementary education, and it has, therefore, given him great pleasure to learn from a report of the Duke of Marlborough's speech—that Earl Granville was absent from the debate on account of illness—that the Duke, like many of his colleagues, is in favour of the principle of a conscience clause, and that he has observed a growing acquiescence in it on the part of the clergy. But the Duke said in his speech that, "if the conscience clause is to be just in its application, it must operate equally in giving security, not only to the parents of the children, but to the managers of the schools." The schools should not be obliged to lose their distinctive character, and denominational teaching in them should not be interfered with." Earl Granville cannot understand how words can better express, than the conscience clause does, the foregoing conditions as set forth by the Duke in this speech. On the 8th inst. the president of the Council replied that he was glad to learn from so good an authority that, in Lord Granville's estimation, his apprehensions are unfounded; and that his Lordship considers the conscience clause ought not to imperil the distinctive character or the denominational religious teaching of the school. The next day Earl Granville again addressed the Duke, calling his attention to a published letter by Archbishop Denison on the subject, in which the writer stated, "The principle upon which the clergy act in admitting Nonconformist children into their schools is the missionary principle of doing what can be done towards bringing such children to be Church children. In this view they reserve to themselves absolute freedom in respect of the matter and the manner of the religious teaching of the school." This declaration, Lord Granville thinks, seems calculated to weigh with the Duke in favour of the conscience clause more than any argument he (Lord Granville) could urge.

ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLICS AT OXFORD.—The *Chronicle*, a weekly Roman Catholic journal of high standing, gives, in its last number a remarkable account of the causes which induced Dr. Newman to contemplate the foundation of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford, and of the reasons which led him to abandon the efforts he had commenced in this direction. In 1855 the University rules were altered so as to allow Roman Catholics to "share the advantages of that national University." From that date "there has been a constant succession of (Roman) Catholic undergraduates in its colleges." The bishops naturally took this new condition of things into consideration; but up to August, 1864, "their deliberations had never resulted in any authoritative interference which the course events were taking." On the contrary, at the period just mentioned, Bishop Ullathorne "offered the Roman Catholic mission at Oxford to Dr. Newman." Accepting the charge, Dr. Newman set about giving effect to it—"he bought ground, and was about to issue an appeal for contributions to build a church," when an appeal was "suddenly" made to Rome, and the scheme was suspended. The idea of a Roman Catholic College at Oxford "had never been more than a vague suggestion," and when "disapproved" by the bishops "it passed out of discussion." But, notwithstanding this disapproval, Roman Catholic parents continued to send their sons to Oxford, and, consequently, "after the lapse of some months, which afforded time for the most mature deliberation," Bishop Ullathorne "once more charged Dr. Newman with the Oxford mission." The scheme appears to have been warmly received by the Roman Catholic laity, and the subscription-list "soon showed a total of between £5000 and £6000." Then, to the great surprise of those interested in it, the project was for the second time abandoned. The *Chronicle* explains why:—"It would be scarcely credible, if the fact were not placed beyond the possibility of contradiction, that while Dr. Newman was thus avowedly employed to collect subscriptions for building a church at Oxford because he could elicit support which 'another might fail to obtain'—that is, because many persons would give money to enable him to go there, which they would not give except on that understanding—there existed a secret condition unknown to the contributors, and unknown to Dr. Newman, that after he had built his church and established his oratory he should not be allowed to reside there and give the work his personal superintendence. Three months passed by after the issue of his appeal before he learnt the treachery that had been practised against him. It is said that when he at once inquired into the reason of the secret prohibition laid on him, he was told that the attraction of his presence, more availing, it was feared, than the discussion of propaganda and the bishops, would inevitably draw Catholics to the University; and he learnt that there was certainly no present disposition to remove or relax the restrictions. A sentiment of honour far less keen and prompt than that of Dr. Newman would have sufficed to determine his withdrawal from the position into which he had been thus cruelly betrayed. He at once declined to be ostensibly responsible for an undertaking which he was not really to direct, and a decoy for money which was to be received on one understanding and applied on another. The scheme, therefore, for the building of a church and the establishing of an oratory at Oxford has been again suspended. It may be that, as events pursue their inevitable course, the ideas and influences to which this intrigue is due will lose their power over authority. But at present, so far as the oratory is concerned, the question of sending Catholic students to Oxford reverts to its original simplicity, and is to be considered on its own merits."

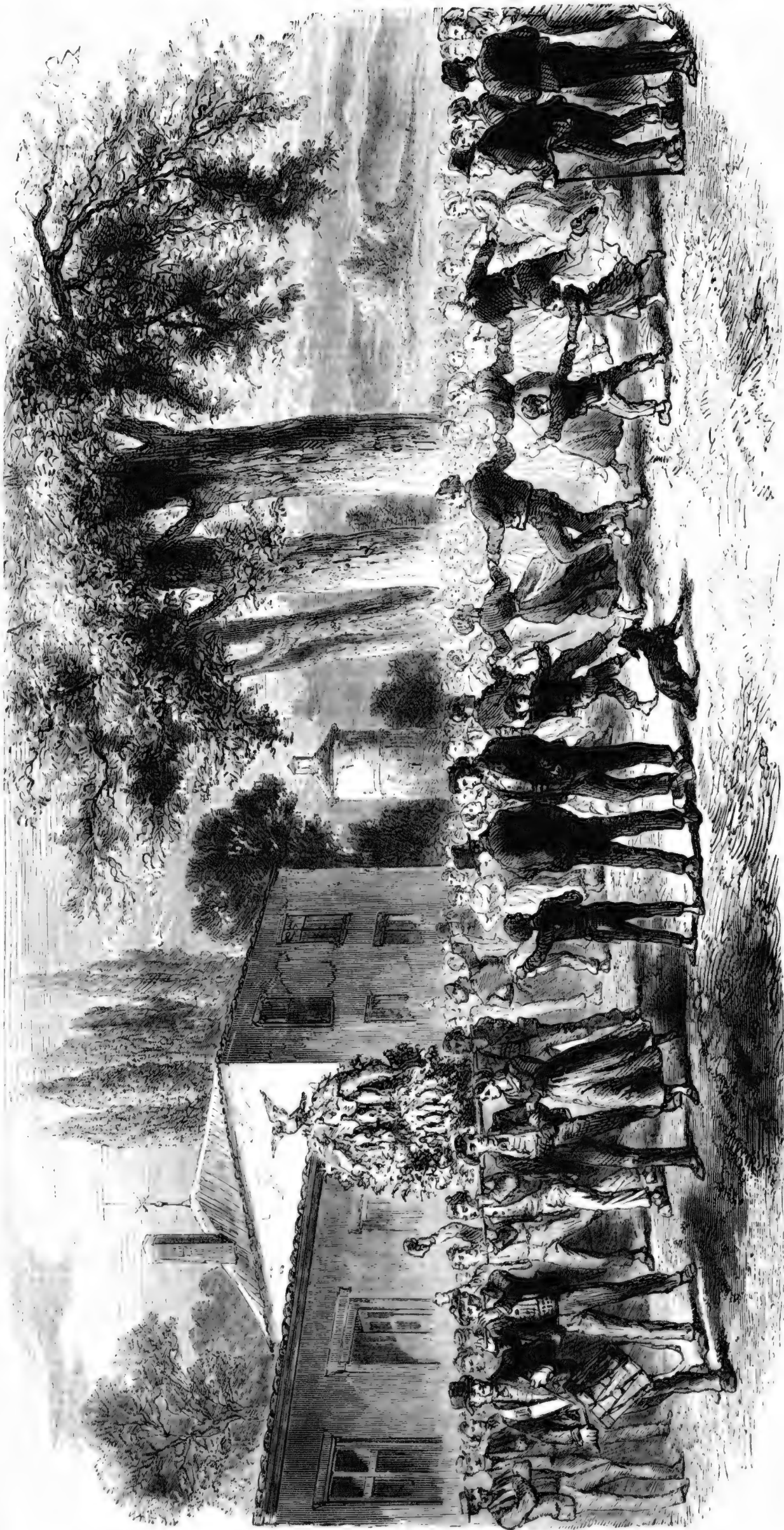
HARVEST FEAST IN SAUTERNE AT THE END OF THE VINTAGE.

THERE are some places on the earth's surface our associations with which are all pleasant, and assuredly the district of the Haut Sauterne, in the department of Gironde, is one of them. Our thoughts of it come mostly when we are in the plenitude of enjoyment with a glass of that delicate wine which takes its name from the country where it is grown—nay, let us say a bottle; for one glass of sauterne is scarcely enough to satisfy even an anchorite.

Most of us know now what sauterne is; for the reduction of the duty on light wines, and the healthy enterprise which immediately followed Mr. Gladstone's efforts, and by introducing the Chancellor's claret opened the door for a dozen pure and wholesome beverages to find their way to England, has made this also common among us. Very few of us, however, have been to the wine country, especially during the vintage season, when the ingathering of the grape harvest is the great festival of the year. The vintage, which in Medoc and the claret districts was over early in October, was this year delayed in Sauterne until November; and, indeed, the white wines are generally a month behind the red.

The gathering of the vintage is a longer operation, too, in the white wine country, Sauterne, Bommes, and Barsac, where the grapes are plucked, as it were, one by one, only at a certain stage of ripeness, which novices would be almost inclined to call rottenness. Each vine is examined and plucked so many times; and the operation requires such careful precautions in order to obtain the finer wines, that the season's work has only just terminated with the proprietors of the celebrated vineyards; so that our engraving represents a scene of only a week or two ago—the fêtes of the "Accabailles," at Tour Blanche, in the Haut Sauterne. The word *accabailles*, derived from *accaba* which in Gascon patois means

to finish, is the harvest-home of the vine-dressers in the white wine country, when the work both of field and press is concluded. Flowers and garlands of leaves are twined to deck the houses and embellish every available corner; the vast sheds used to shelter the heavy carts and to store the various agricultural implements, are transformed into roomy ball-rooms, supplemented by a great *salle-manger*, from which the space for dancing is separated only by a barrier of leaves and flowers. Great is the consumption of wine on this day: so great, indeed, that it is well the beverage is of a light character, although its effects are pretty evident in the boisterous hilarity of the people as they greet the



VINE-DRESSERS' FETE AT TOUR BLANCHE, HAUT SAUTERNE, FRANCE.

owners of the vineyards when they make their appearance at the feast. One of the principal observances of the day is a procession formed of the vintagers, both men and women, who join hands and perform a sort of grotesque dance round the great plane-trees which are common in the district. Amidst this throng of modern bacchanals two men walk, bearing on their shoulders a great trophy composed of a large bouquet of field flowers, supported by about thirty head of game, consisting of rabbits, hares, wild ducks, thrushes, blackbirds, and partridges, all very skilfully arranged. These are intended as a present to

the master, and on reaching the house the spokesman of the party offers it to him in due form. After the master has acknowledged the compliment, the music strikes up, and the dance already referred to commences. Two couples begin by executing a wild but graceful figure, locally known as a "congo." This is followed by eccentric sarabands of the whole company, and these again are succeeded by more modern dances, which last till midnight; fresh guests and groups of peasants from all the country round continuing to arrive until daylight the next morning. The effect of this great festival by moonlight is one of the most picturesque ever witnessed

and the quaintly-dressed girls, many of them distinguished for remarkable beauty, the flashing of lights, the music, and the primitive but effective decorations, are realisations of what one might suppose is but an operatic dream.

CABOULY PACHA, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANDIA.

WHAT may be the result of the appointment of the new Governor of Candia and whether the insurrection may be considered to have declined

until the spring, then to break out afresh, it is almost impossible to determine since any utterance with respect to probable events of Cretan politics generally leaves the prophet a mark for the finger of scorn. All we can do is to publish the portrait of the new Governor, who was appointed on the death of Rechid Pacha to that important but not altogether desirable honour.

Cabouly Pacha is a man of tried intelligence, and possesses, it is said, the ability to resolve just such difficulties as are most likely to beset his official career. As extraordinary commissioner with the allied troops during

the Crimean War; in Serbia, in the disputes between the Porte and that principality; at Yassi, in Wallachia; in Crete from the time of the first movement of the insurrection; and in Syria, where he succeeded Fuad Pacha in the delicate mission which involved the indemnification of the victims to the massacres that called for European interference, he has successively distinguished himself. Two years of such exertions gained for him the title of Pacha and the governorship of Saida. Cabouly Pacha was born in 1820, and at an early age became a pupil in the schools that had at that time been established.

From such instruction he was taken to hold some subordinate position in the Imperial Divan; and at the age of nineteen was employed as a State interpreter. Soon after this he became Secretary of Legation at Berlin, whence he came to London in the same capacity, and for two years conducted the affairs of the Turkish Embassy in this country. On his return to Constantinople, in 1851, he was appointed Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary at Athens—a very difficult and responsible position; and in 1858 was recalled to the Ministry as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In a short space of time he successively occupied the posts of Mouavin (substitute) of Minister of Commerce, First Interpreter of the Divan, and Director of Foreign Affairs; and it was during this interval that he fulfilled the missions already referred to in regard to European alliances. On the occasion of the Sultan's departure for Paris he was appointed (ad interim) Minister of Commerce; but, being chosen to compliment the Emperor Alexander II. on his visit to the Crimea, was replaced by Fuad Pacha. He was then called to the assistance of the Grand Vizier, Ali Pacha, in his mission to Crete; and, in consequence of this appointment, has now been chosen Governor of Candia.

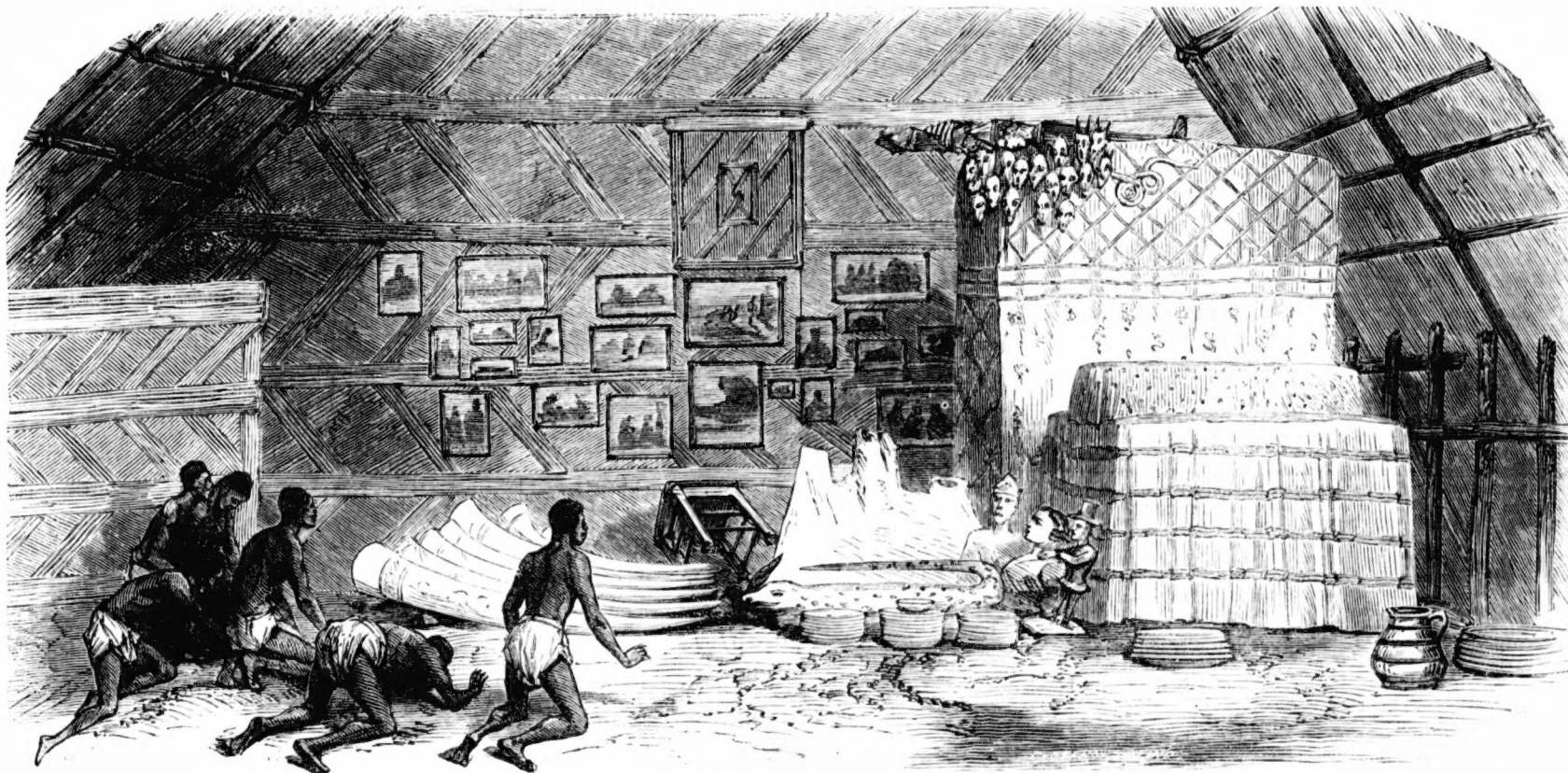
Cabouly Pacha is brother-in-law to the no less celebrated Fuad Pacha, and is certainly one of the most distinguished members of the Turkish Government.



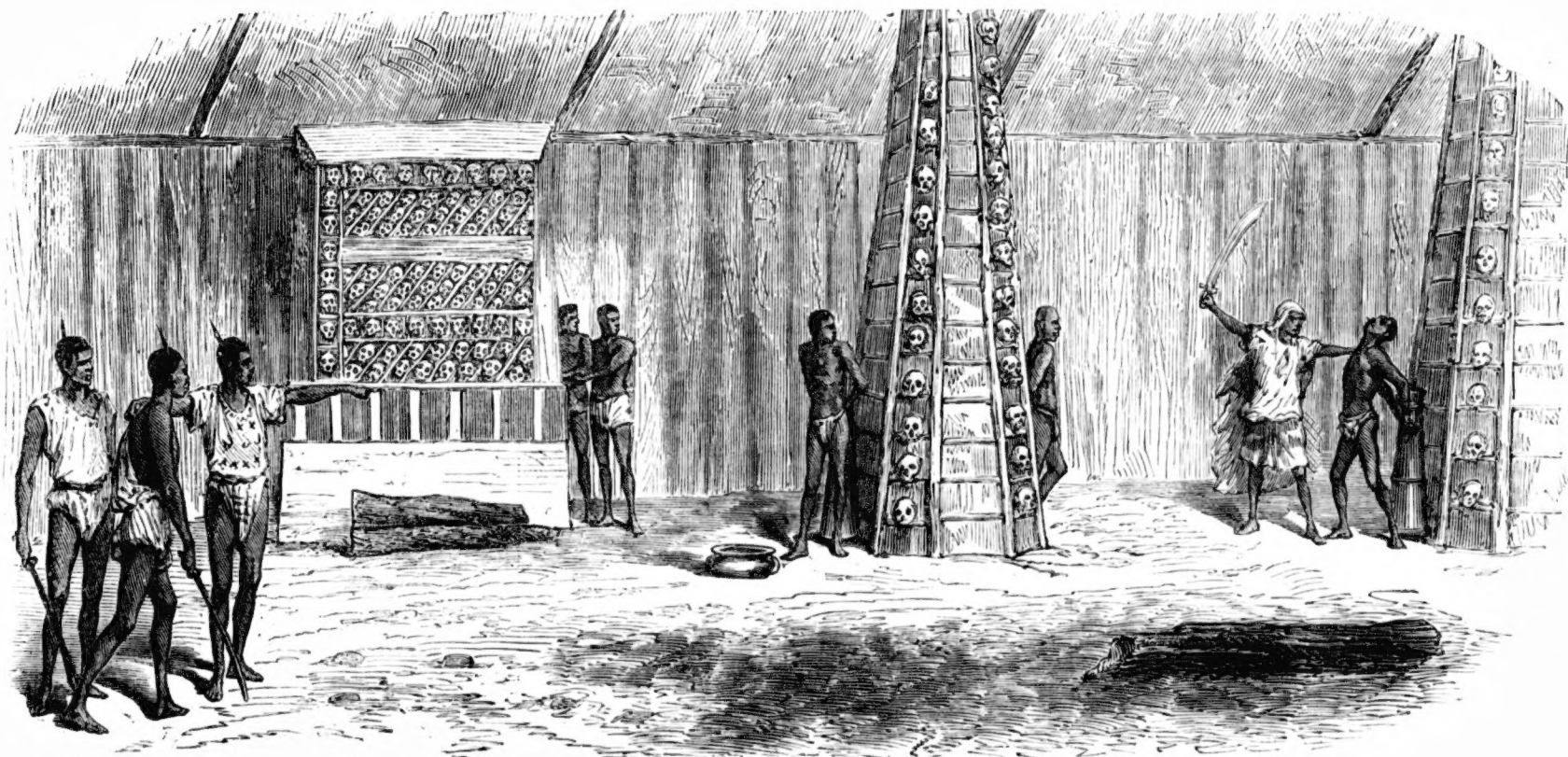
CABOULY PACHA, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CRETE.

CUSTOMS OF NEW CALABAR.

OUR readers will remember that some time ago we gave a tolerably long account of the manners and customs of those natives of the Gaboon country who may be considered representatives of the noble savage in those latitudes. We this week publish Engravings taken from sketches made amongst some of their brethren (who are, perhaps, as black, but no blacker, than they are painted) at New Calabar, an island formed by the two branches of the river of the same name, which empties itself into the Bonny, about fifty miles east of Cape Formosa. We have all heard of Pepple, King of Bonny, to whom the Poet Close is said to be laureate; and most of us have read with dreadful delight of the poisonous witch-beans used by the natives of Calabar to discover criminals, much as Matthew Hopkins used to find out witchcraft by the subjection of old women to pricking with pins and drowning—that is to say, the victim of the Calabar infusion must drink or die. Should he or she miraculously recover from the deadly draught, guilt is apparent and death by torture ensues. Should the potion prove fatal, it is a clear proof of innocence, and a title to a very grand funeral indeed. In other respects the Calabar people are much like the Gaboons in their superstitious dread and worship of fetishes. All sorts of things are made fetish, or objects of supernatural dread, and for all sorts of absurd reasons. Thus, figure-heads of old ships, bits of string, empty blacking-bottles, scraps of paper, pictures from European books, may occupy a place in the fetish temples. Nay, this very picture of the temple itself may by some strange agency find its way to those regions in some seaman's chest and may become fetish. When once a religion is founded on horror and dread and overwhelming fear, there is no conceivable limit to its wild vagaries, its cruelty, and folly; so it is no wonder that a people whose trade was in slaves captured from neighbouring tribes should still offer up human sacrifices and regard the lives even of their own companions as of little importance. Where life is full of doubt and dread, it ceases to be of much value.



INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT NEW CALABAR, AFRICA.



THE HALL OF HUMAN SACRIFICES AT BONNY, AFRICA.

NEW MUSIC.

Songs from the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Music by J. Offenbach. English words by C. L. Kenney. 1. "Love's Confession." 2. "Oh! I Dote on the Military." 3. "Oh! what a Gallant Regiment." 4. "The Sabre of My Father." 5. "The Song of the Glass." 6. "The Hamburg Journal." (Boosey and Co.)

1. The declaration so pointedly addressed by the Grand Duchess to the unappreciative object of her affection is destined to be the most popular, as it is certainly the most melodious, of the numerous tuneful pieces included in M. Offenbach's popular opera. "Dites lui," the song in question, is now offered to the English public in three different versions. First, there is the original French version, for the benefit of young ladies who have contralto voices, and who may wish to repeat the very words which are given with such expressive gestures by Mdle. Schneider. Then there is an English edition in the same key (that of E); and there is a second English edition, in G. "Love's Confession," as "Dites lui" is called in English, is the one sentimental air in "La Grande Duchesse," which abounds in music of a lively type.

2. "Oh! I Dote on the Military," is the light, rattling song in which the Duchess celebrates and compares the personal merits of the various branches of her army.

3. "Oh! What a Gallant Regiment," is spirited and full of character. The couplets sung by the Grand Duchess in honour of her troops are interrupted and accompanied by the voices of the soldiers and the drums of the military band. This "song of the regiment" is one of M. Offenbach's happiest efforts.

4. "The Sabre of My Father" also possesses character—it being specially characteristic of the composer, who excels in a half serious, half ironical style, which he may be said to have invented. The Grand Duchess, when the too-faithful Fritz is on the point of starting for the wars, gives him a family sabre, which she declares will serve him both as a talisman and as an arm with which to perforate his enemies. She addresses him in some amusingly pompous verses which Mr. C. L. Kenney has rendered into English with spirit and fidelity, and on which M. Offenbach has composed a grand air—a very grand air indeed—but still not so emphatically grandiose as to have quite a burlesque effect.

5. "The Song of the Glass" ("There lived in times now long gone by") is the "Grand Duchess" bacchanalian song. An old gentleman, one of the Grand Duchess's ancestors, drinks enormous quantities of liquor out of a certain glass; the glass falls and is broken, and, touching to relate, the old gentleman never drinks again.

6. The "Hamburg Journal" is the pretty, trifling air, in which Prince Paul complains of the liberty of the foreign press in respect to his projected marriage with the Grand Duchess.

Messrs. Boosey have also issued a number of instrumental pieces based on airs from the "Grand Duchess." Herr Kube's "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" is a brilliant fantasia on "Dites lui," "Le Sabre de mon Père," and the trio which terminates the second act. Mr. Brinley Richards's "Love's Confession" is an easy but showy transcription of the aforesaid "Dites lui." M. Eugène Ketterer has made the most striking airs the basis of a clever and effective "fantaisie de salon" (why not "drawing-room piece"?). Herr Strauss and Mr. Frank Musgrave have taken notions—very solid notions—for waltzes from the "Grand Duchess;" and M. Arban has clipped and twisted the favourite tunes into quadrilles.

J. G. Calcott's Transcriptions of National Airs. (Cramer and Co.)

These reproductions, in easy, agreeable forms of some of the most beautiful popular melodies, are sufficiently described in the title. Mr. Calcott transcribes with fidelity—which implies, as a matter of course, that he does so with good taste. The melodies he has gone to work upon in the publication under notice are "Home, Sweet Home" (national English by adoption); "March of the Men of Harlech" (national Welsh); "Cherry Ripe" (English and popular, but scarcely "national"); "Blue Bells of Scotland" (national Scotch by adoption, the tune having been written, not fifty years ago, by an English composer, for Mrs. Jordan, who introduced it at Drury Lane Theatre); "Weber's Last Waltz," a popular but not national German melody, which, by-the-way, was not composed by Weber, and which would make a very curious waltz as waltzing is now carried on; and, finally, "The Minstrel Boy" as to the nationality of which Mr. William Chappell may be consulted. "The Minstrel Boy" passes for Irish on the insufficient ground that the words to which the air is sung were written by Moore. The use to which Meyerbeer has turned the first four bars of this air in one of the "Africaine" finales will, perhaps, some day induce Pan-German collectors to claim it as of German origin. What, after all, if they do?

Hanover Square, No. 11. (Ashdown and Parry.)—The second number of this well-conducted musical serial keeps up the interest inspired by the first. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, the editor, introduces two new vocal and two new instrumental pieces—all specially written for *Hanover Square*. The songs are by Miss Virginia Gabriel, who has "set" a poem of Mrs. Browning's with great felicity, and Mr. W. Balfie, who has been at least equally fortunate with some agreeable verses by Mr. Campbell Clarke. The pianoforte pieces are a *notturno*, the work of Mr. E. Silas, and a brilliant fantasia, contributed by Herr Kube.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was held, on Wednesday, at the Hanover-square-rooms—the Duke of Richmond in the chair. The report announced that the show of 1869 would be held in a district comprising Cumberland, Lancashire, Westmorland, and the West Riding, the exact locality to be determined hereafter. In 1868 it will be held at Leicester, and will commence on Thursday, the 16th, and close on Tuesday, July 21; this arrangement having been adopted as one which would keep the men in attendance on the stock only one Sunday from home. The number of members was stated to be 5557.

THE AMENDED NEW STREETS ACT.—On Monday the new Act to amend the Metropolitan Streets Act, which received the Royal assent on Saturday, was issued. The sixth section, as to costermongers, is now amended in respect to the deposit of goods in the streets. It is not to apply to costermongers, street hawkers, or itinerant trades so long as they carry on their business in accordance with the regulations from time to time made by the Commissioners of Police; and so much of the sixth section in the recited Act as refers to the surface of any space that intervenes in any street between the footway and the carriage-way is now repealed. The cab question is disposed of by a clause stating that no regulation is to be made in respect of the carriage of lamps by hackney-carriages, in respect of the 17th section, except with the approval of the Secretary of State. The only other section is that the statute is to be construed as one with the other.

FENIAN FUNERAL DEMONSTRATIONS IN IRELAND.—A funeral procession in honour of the memory of the Fenian murderers executed at Manchester took place in Dublin on Sunday. The number of men who marched in procession is estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000. Great numbers of sympathisers lined the streets, wearing, like the processionists, crape and green rosettes, ribbons, &c. The procession included many women and girls and boys. Three hearses, on which the names of Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin were displayed, were followed by mourning-coaches, and were preceded and followed by bands playing the Dead March in "Saul" and other funeral music. The procession was most orderly, and passed off peaceably. It started from the Custom House at twelve, and arrived at Glasnevin Cemetery soon after three o'clock, where John Martin addressed the crowd, and denounced the execution as an act of British tyranny and murder. The day was extremely wet. It is understood that the Executive would have prevented the procession had an information been sworn that disturbance was apprehended. The troops in the garrison were kept under arms all day.—A funeral procession to the memory of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien took place at Limerick on the same day, and was very largely attended. All passed off quietly. It is computed that about 10,000 persons marched in the procession, including from 500 to 800 females. Taking the spectators who lined the streets, the aggregate number is believed to have been from 25,000 to 30,000. The procession extended about a mile in length, and its march round and through the city to St. Lawrence Cemetery occupied from half-past one to half-past four o'clock. Two bands of music, with muffled instruments, attended and played the Dead March in "Saul," and the processionists all wore mourning and green emblems. The hearse was drawn by six horses, and was covered with a pall bearing the names of the Manchester convicts on each side. The numbers present on both occasions are probably much exaggerated.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE case of "Hays v. Cave," tried in the Exchequer Court on Monday last, was one of a very curious character. The defendant was Mr. Thomas Cave, M.P., in 1863 one of the Sheriffs of London, and the trial had reference to the manner in which this gentleman became a successful candidate for the shrievalty. The plaintiff, Mr. Hays, appears to have been a person obtaining his livelihood in that vague way which is conveniently described as "in the City." He had been by turns a warehouseman, manager to E. T. Smith, owner of an hotel at Worthing, a financial agent, and promoter of a bank. Mr. Cave, the defendant, was at one time a druggist, then, according to his own evidence, a "vinegar brewer." We do not pretend to understand how vinegar can be brewed, but this designation may probably be a reporter's error. Leaving this business, Mr. Cave became a bill-discounter on an extensive scale. What with brewing vinegar and discounting bills at rates of interest variously stated as from 60 to 200 per cent, it can scarcely be wondered that Mr. Cave became a highly influential personage, eminently eligible for the office of Sheriff of London. Hence the origin of the litigation. The plaintiff, Mr. Hays, claimed of Mr. Cave, M.P., the defendant, a sum of £105 upon the grounds detailed in evidence, which we give in full:—

Mr. William Hays, the plaintiff, said—I first became acquainted with the defendant in 1855 or 1856, when he was manager of the Anchor Insurance Company, in Chesham. He mentioned to me that he would be glad to avail himself of some office which would give him a good position. I proposed two or three directorships to him, but he declined them. On June 18, 1863, I waited upon him at the Anchor Reversionary Company, in Moorgate-street. He was then a company agent, and discounted bills. The Anchor Insurance Company, in Chesham, sold its business and was wound up. The directors in both were nearly the same. I asked Mr. Cave if he would like to serve the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He said, "Very much." I replied that I thought I could manage it for him; that it was a great position to attain, and a stepping-stone to Parliament or something higher still. I added that we would have to manage it very discreetly, and that he would have to spend a good deal of money. He asked what were the advantages. I said, "The high position of the office. You will be presented at Court, and if the Queen gives any grand fête or ball you are sure to be there. You will dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and be put on the commission of the peace for Middlesex." He said, "Are you certain about the commission of the peace?" I said, "Every Sheriff who has served his office properly is put on the commission, and I feel certain you will." I also told him that he must promise me to have Mr. Gammon for his Under-Sheriff, and also to retain Mr. Ledger, an influential man at City elections, especially with the livery. I told him that he could not possibly gain his election unless he did so. He then asked me what the expenses would be. I said that he could do it for £2500 or £3000, but that he could spend more if he liked. That was the expense of holding the office and the election. He said, "If you are perfectly certain I shall succeed, put me in nomination." I said I should certainly want 100 guineas for myself, but that I should expect nothing if he did not get in. He replied, "Get me in, Hays." I went to Mr. Gammon's office, and told him that Mr. Cave would be delighted to serve the office of Sheriff. On a subsequent day I told Mr. Cave that Mr. Gammon would promote his election, on the understanding that he (Cave) was to pay all and Mr. Gammon receive all. He asked me what I meant by that, and I said Mr. Gammon would receive the emoluments attached to the office, but not pay a sixpence anybody. That was agreed to. The witness then detailed some of the services he had rendered in the election, and said difficulties arose in consequence of rumours that Mr. Cave was not the proper person to be Sheriff; that he was a 60 per cent, and sometimes a 200 per cent discount. It was thought that the hall should be packed, and Mr. Cave wished to have someone to defend his character, if attacked. I strongly advised that Mr. Serjeant Tindal Atkinson, who was a friend of Mr. Cave, should be asked to speak. He was made a member of the Silver Wire-drawers' Company. I went in search of him. Mr. Cave was also made a liveryman. Before the election, I went to my friend Mr. E. T. Smith, of Cremorne, and told him in what difficulty we were. He said, "I'll send all my people down." He did not send all, but about eighty or one hundred. Mr. Wilson, stationer, of Chesham, who was one of the committee, also at my request sent to Guildhall all he could spare from his establishment. Nothing was paid to them—they only had a glass of beer. Mr. E. T. Smith's men bothered me a good deal. I paid some of them sixpence and others a shilling. I got rid of £4 or £5 in that way. It was arranged with Mr. Gammon that the people should hold up their hands or shout as he moved a piece of paper which he held under his arm. When Mr. Cave came forward they were to give him a tremendous cheer and hurrah, and when anyone else got up they were to try and drown his voice. That they did most effectually. I worked morning, noon, and night for Mr. Cave between June 13 and 24, when the election took place, and I spent from £10 to £15 for cab hire in treating people, and for other things. When he was put in the commission of the peace, in 1866, I applied to him for the £105, and soon afterwards I commenced my action. All the expectations I held out to him have been realised, except going to the Queen's ball, as none, I think, was given in his year of office.

The Mr. Gammon mentioned in this strange narrative is an enterprising London solicitor, who was in due course appointed Under-Sheriff. The defendant (Mr. Cave) entirely repudiated the plaintiff's claim. Here is his statement:—

The plaintiff asked me if I was open to become a candidate for the shrievalty of London and Middlesex. I received the application with a good deal of coolness. He said he was employed by Mr. Gammon to get a suitable candidate. I doubted his representing Mr. Gammon. I made no bargain with him on that occasion. I did not promise to pay him a hundred guineas. Not a word was said about his remuneration.

Having described what arrangements he made with Mr. Gammon and Mr. Ledger, whom he afterwards saw, the defendant deposed:—

I said to Hays, "I suppose it is clearly understood you will get your remuneration, whatever it is, from Mr. Gammon?" and he replied that would be so. I said something of the same kind to Mr. Gammon, and he said, "Leave him to me. I shall pay him." I understood Hays and Gammon were on good terms, and living together in the same house. I never heard a single word about men being brought from Cremorne, and I do not believe any were. I never was a party to packing the hall. It holds about 6000 persons, and it was crowded. Between the election and November, 1866, I saw Hays many times. He came to me about being a director of companies, and for various other purposes, but he never spoke to me about this claim.

The following was the result:—

The Lord Chief Baron, in summing up, told the jury that the only question was whether they believed the plaintiff or the defendant, and remarked upon the fact that the plaintiff allowed more than three years and a half to elapse before he asked for payment from the defendant.

A juryman asked whether, if they thought there was no contract, such as alleged, they could give anything to the defendant for his services.

The Lord Chief Baron—Certainly not. The plaintiff is entitled to £105 or nothing.

The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict for the defendant.

A case of death of an adopted child was brought before Mr. Richards, Deputy Coroner for East Middlesex, on Tuesday last. It came out in evidence that the deceased infant, aged about two years, was in March last placed by an anonymous lady in the charge of a man named Cooper, and his wife, residing in Nelson-street, Hackney-road. These persons had published an advertisement "respecting the adoption of a child." A correspondence was thereupon established, and the result was that the unfortunate infant, described as a very pleasant, healthy, and good child, of high birth, although illegitimate, was left in charge of the Coopers, with a premium of £10 and an outfit of clothes. The Coopers, naturally desirous of the pleasure to be obtained from a child in the house (to be maintained at their charge) were not wealthy people, and this may account for their desiring the premium. On Saturday last the child was found in its little bed, lying on its back, uncovered by pillow or bedclothes, but, nevertheless, dead apparently from suffocation. The correspondence between the parties, leading to the completion of the arrangement, is of a curiously business-like character. Attention may be specially directed to the phraseology and construction of Mrs. Cooper's letter, which certainly might be rather supposed to have emanated from a lawyer than from a woman in humble circumstances. It is also remarkable that a copy was kept by the writer. In fact, the transaction appears to have been completed with the most plausible formality:—

Sir or Madam,—In answer to your letter of the 16th, I beg to state that our decision in reference to the adoption is as follows:—

1. Boy preferred.
2. Age of no consequence, so long as he is perfectly healthy.
3. Premium to be adequate to the position of the parents; but we have decided upon £20 if under six months, or £15 if over.
4. The child is to be entirely given up, and on no condition are either parents to recognise themselves to the child in any manner whatever at any future time. It is, to all intents and purposes, our child.
5. The strictest secrecy will be observed if necessary. I may here observe that I have a good, kind husband, and holding a comfortable position,

and, having no children of our own, sincerely desire to adopt one. It will be well taken care of and respectfully brought up. I think I need say nothing further than that I shall feel obliged by your communicating with me directly, as we have several respondents.—I am, yours truly,

M. A. COOPER.

The inquiry was adjourned. Without desiring to cast any prejudice upon this particular case, we would earnestly point out that the system of adoption by advertisers may be and is notoriously pursued by unscrupulous persons. The admission of such advertisements can scarcely be controlled by legislation; but *Paterfamilias* should resolutely refuse to allow to be brought into his house any journal of which the proprietors are not too conscientious, or too careful to suffer the publication of notifications obviously facilitating a massacre of innocents.

STATISTICS OF IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

THE close connection between ignorance and crime has engaged the attention of some of the most eminent statisticians of Europe. The results of their researches show that, on comparing the relative amount of crime in different localities, the question of age and sex must be taken into account. Of 124,291 prisoners committed to prison last year in England and Wales 7.5 per cent were under sixteen years of age, 19.8 per cent were sixteen and under twenty-one, 32.7 per cent were twenty-one and under thirty, 19.4 per cent were thirty and under forty, 12.0 per cent were forty and under fifty, and 8.6 were fifty and upwards. Thus, it appears that one third of the criminal offenders of this country were of the ages of twenty-one and under thirty. Again, the tendency to commit crime among females is considerably less than among males: of 100 prisoners committed in 1866 only 26 were females. If, therefore, in investigating the relative amount of crime in the counties of England the usual method were adopted, in which the elements of age and sex are not taken into consideration, the fallacious conclusion would be arrived at that there was a greater tendency to crime in one place than in another, whereas the tendency was perhaps only apparent. A high proportion of crime in such counties as Lancaster, Middlesex, Northumberland, Surrey, and Chester, where various inducements tend to raise the proportion of males aged twenty-one and under thirty above the average, is a result to be expected; while, on the other hand, it is not surprising to find a low ratio of crime in such counties as Dorset, Leicester, and Norfolk, which contain a proportion of population of the age at which the tendency to crime is greatest below the average. In an inquiry into the prevalence of crime, the element of sex in the different counties applies with almost equal force to that of age. In planning, therefore, at the relative amount of crime and ignorance in the different counties, the above points should be borne in mind. Adopting the test furnished by the records of the Registrar-General—which, although it may not indicate the absolute degree of education in different localities, is nevertheless an excellent statistical test when used to show the relative degree of education—it appears that in Derby, Cumberland, Rutland, Kent, Devon, Leicester, and Sussex, the proportional number of men who signed the marriage register with marks was low, and the proportional number of criminals to the population of each county was also low. In Stafford, Essex, Hereford, Monmouth, and Herts the proportional number of men who signed with marks was high, and so was the proportional number of criminals to the population in each of these counties. While the average proportional number of men who signed with marks in England and Wales was 22.5 per cent, the proportion of criminals in England and Wales in 1866 who were entirely uneducated, or able to read or to write very imperfectly, was 96.3. After due allowance for differences in ages and sexes, it has been found that in those groups of counties in which the proportion of persons who signed the marriage register with marks exceeded the average, there was also an excess of crime; while in those groups where the proportion who signed with marks was low the amount of crime was below the average. Other conditions besides education doubtless influence the amount of crime in different localities; but the fact that a low state of instruction is always accompanied with an increased criminal tendency, while a higher degree of instruction is coincident with the opposite result, shows that if ignorance is not the parent of crime it may at least be said to be its constant companion. The information concerning the instruction of prisoners published in the criminal returns—from which the following calculations have been deduced—shows the influence of ignorance upon crime. To 100 male criminals committed to prison last year the proportional number with little or no education in each county was—Durham, 99.87; Derby, 99.52; Essex, 99.49; Hereford, 99.31; Cumberland, 99.20; Stafford, 99.05; Monmouth, 98.87; Cornwall, 98.85; Worcester, 98.77; Hunts, 98.77; Berks, 98.52; Rutland, 98.49; Lancaster, 98.45; Kent, 98.45; Wilts, 97.97; Bedford, 97.85; Surrey, 97.72; Bucks, 97.53; Northampton, 97.19; South Wales, 96.99; Warwick, 96.92; Salop, 96.78; Oxon, 96.71; Lincoln, 96.48; York, 96.30; Gloucester, 95.67; Hants, 95.33; Somerset, 95.26; Cambridge, 95.16; Devon, 95.04; Chester, 95.00; Northumberland, 94.70; Middlesex, 94.43; Norfolk, 93.36; Leicester, 93.35; Dorset, 92.86; North Wales, 92.57; Nottingham, 90.91; Herts, 89.75; Westmorland, 88.62; Norfolk, 87.81; Sussex, 85.59. England and Wales, 95.25. The degree of ignorance in elementary education differs in every county; but it is by no means greater in the agricultural than it is in manufacturing counties. The proportion per cent of men who signed the marriage register with marks, and the proportion of criminals committed to prison, to 1000 of population in 1866, respectively, in each county of England, were as follow:—Monmouth, 40.6 and 54; Stafford, 38.2 and 50; South Wales, 35.3 and 40; Bedford, 35.0 and 37; Suffolk, 34.2 and 31; Herts, 32.9 and 57; North Wales, 32.8 and 29; Norfolk, 32.3 and 42; Cambridge, 31.3 and 40; Essex, 30.9 and 51; Hereford, 30.8 and 51; Cornwall, 30.2 and 24; Hunts, 30.0 and 33; Salop, 29.5 and 43; Bucks, 28.4 and 48; Worcester, 27.1 and 44; Somerset, 26.6 and 37; Wilts, 26.0 and 37; Dorset, 25.2 and 39; Northampton, 24.7 and 38; Nottingham, 24.6 and 41; Lancaster, 27.4 and 82; Berks, 24.3 and 49; Oxford, 24.2 and 52; Chester, 23.7 and 66; Durham, 25.4 and 52; Warwick, 25.3 and 54; Derby, 22.3 and 45; Leicester, 21.7 and 37; Lincoln, 21.5 and 52; York, 21.3 and 50; Rutland, 20.5 and 32; Gloucester, 20.0 and 67; Sussex, 19.8 and 45; Cumberland, 18.7 and 25; Kent, 18.2 and 43; Devon, 18.0 and 30; Hants, 17.3 and 58; Northumberland, 17.2 and 89; Surrey, 12.5 and 83; Middlesex, 10.3 and 92; Westmorland, 9.1 and 63. In discussing the connection between ignorance and crime, the nature and extent of the various descriptions of offences should be taken into account; but the Home Office returns do not record the state of instruction in different classes of prisoners. The object of the present contribution was not to enter at length on this important field of statistical inquiry, but more especially to offer a few suggestions on the methods which should be adopted in following such researches.

PRAIRIE FIRES are reported to be raging in various portions of the West. There has been a great drought in that section, and the dryness of the land facilitates their progress. In Missouri, Illinois, and Kansas they have been particularly severe, devastating a large extent of country and destroying an immense amount of property. The swamps of Southern Missouri are said to be a mass of fire, and for a hundred miles along the Illinois Central Railway the prairies are burning. No relief is looked for until heavy rains fall, of which it is said, however, there is no immediate prospect.

WESTON, the pedestrian, who is walking from Portland to Chicago, is within one hundred miles of Chicago; and, as he has three more days of his time left, will certainly accomplish his offer to walk the 1237 miles between these two cities in twenty-six walking days. A few minutes after midnight on the night between Nov. 24 and 25 he began his fourth attempt to walk a hundred miles in twenty-four hours; and at five p.m. on the 25th had accomplished seventy miles, the time occupied being 16h. 50 min.

THE ALTON MURDER.—Frederick Baker, a lawyer's clerk at Alton, in Hampshire, has been convicted of the murder and mutilation of a little girl named Fanny Adams, in a hop-plantation near the above-named town. The crime was committed in August last, and was attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The defence set up for Baker was, first, that he was innocent, and, second, that he is insane. The jury, however, disregarded these pleas, and, after only fifteen minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty; and sentence of death was at once passed. The execution has been fixed by the High Sheriff of the county for Tuesday, the 24th inst., at eight o'clock in the morning.

DEATH OF A SON OF THE "CORN-LAW RHYMER."—The *Sheffield Telegraph* records the death of a son of Ebenezer Elliott, the poet. The deceased gentleman, Benjamin Gartside Elliott, for the last eleven years has lived the life of a recluse at Shire Green. The house was formerly occupied by Mrs. Gartside, his aunt, and, during her life, was kept in excellent order. It stands in its own grounds, and is surrounded by lawn and shrubberies. Mrs. Gartside left this property to her nephew, and from that time, owing to some morbid feeling, no one has even been allowed to enter the house. The garden for years has been entirely neglected. Little by little every vestige of glass has disappeared from the windows of the house, the shutters have been kept constantly closed, and Mr. Elliott has lived in a small kitchen at the back, his only companion being a dog. He has had his milk and other necessities handed in to him at the door, which he opened no further than to admit them. The only one with whom deceased seems to have had any communication is the policeman at Shire Green, and with whom he has walked for three or four hours together during his night duty. Some time ago Mr. Elliott burst a blood-vessel in his leg, which he bound up himself without surgical assistance. On Tuesday the body of Mr. Elliott was found under the sink stone in the back kitchen, quite stiff and cold. He was only partially dressed in trousers and shirt, boots unlaced, and without stockings. His legs were crossed, and one hand rested on his breast. In one pocket was found an old flint pistol, unloaded, and in the other a half-sovereign. The room was covered in all directions with papers and memoranda, and presented an extraordinary sight. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict was returned of "Found dead." Deceased was sixty years of age.

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